

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

I am told that the Ontario Government stands ready to yield to every demand of the Patrons except the election of county officers. If the Patrons have made a reasonable demand at all, it is the one which rumor alleges is likely to be refused them. Patronage has been the linchpin of the Mowat Government, and both the Patrons and the Opposition in Ontario have tried to pull it out. It has been the secret of the entrenchment in power of a ministry which has been exceedingly hard to dislodge. For this, if for no other reason, the patronage system should be curtailed as a menace to public safety, and on this point both the Patrons and the followers of Mr. Meredith should be united.

It is a matter of principle, not merely of campaign politics, that all the officers that serve a county—as a county—and have to do only with affairs within the county, should be appointed or elected by the people of the county or their representatives. We all know how efficiently the machinery of township and county councils works; the election of reeves and deputy reeves and county councillors is largely free from political antagonism, though of course in municipalities where politics are kept up all the year round it has its influence. This influence, however, is not dominant; the people who pay the local taxes are exceedingly watchful, and though the municipal councillors in rural districts have to do with but little except such affairs as the building of bridges, culverts and that sort of thing, the slightest sign of extravagance is resented by the ratepayers and no amount of political pull can save a reeve or deputy reeve from defeat if he is discovered in the act of unduly burdening taxpayers. The result is that the county councils of this province more than any other bodies are representative of the actual emotions and economies of the people. This is true because their election is so largely divested of political animus and is so greatly influenced by local frugality. I can see no practical reason for not extending the sphere of such excellent politics. The great mind of Sir Oliver Mowat could very easily be relieved of the task of appointing sheriffs, and registrars, and division court clerks, and bailiffs, and that sort of official, if the county councils were permitted to attend to the job and with results equally good as those in other local affairs save at least fifty per cent. of the emoluments now received by individuals. This being the case, why should the suggestion of losing this patronage be so bitterly resented by Sir Oliver and his Cabinet? Is it not because of the loss of the power to congregate and coerce voters which county patronage gives the Provincial Government?

Going still further, is it not reasonable to enquire if the people who are so careful in electing their township and county councillors are not fit to select by ballot those men who are to fill offices which are not as important as that of member of Parliament or with anything like such financial responsibilities as that of county treasurer—an officer the appointment of whom is still retained by the county councils? There are throughout Ontario hundreds of ex-county wardens who after serving their county faithfully have been unable to find further preferment. There are many reeves who have never reached the high office of warden who feel that they have served their county well and would be glad to see an opportunity of receiving such a mark of confidence as the magistracy, shrievalty, the county clerkship, or division-court clerkship. Is it not everywhere held that we should reward those who faithfully serve us? Has not this been the cry of aldermen who ask for the mayoralty? Under the present system to whom do the rewards go? To these faithful reeves and wardens? Not by any means. The reckless and unscrupulous "hustler" who is ready at any time and under any circumstances to promote the success of the Provincial Government gets all the rewards, while those who faithfully serve the county or locality are left unrecognized. What an example this is, what an object lesson this is, to the youth of a county who may desire public approbation and later on public place! The lad who sets himself out to be registrar or sheriff or county clerk, or anything of that sort, is early instructed by the worthy but disappointed warden or the disregarded reeve that close attention to the interests of the county and the most frugal administration of affairs is useless in a race for a more valuable appointment. He sees that the way to become successful is to be custodian of the corruption fund, to be the "midnight worker," one of the "aly coozes," one of the tools of a party, one of those anomalous outputs of this politico-social relation which involves the combination of good-fellowship and utter political unscrupulousness. This whole lesson is bad and its effect upon this country has been marked. One can procure shrewd crooked workers in a county or ward-healers in a city much more easily than good nominations for a council. The final result is likely to be degrading to our municipal politics. It seems to me that the tendency of all nations should be to elevate the dignity of local bodies and to place within reach of local aspirants every high honor and emolument that is of a local sort.

Of course this does not include the election of judges or magistrates. Such a scheme is not as preposterous as it would seem on the surface, but it is one which I have never advocated and should only be the result of general

tions, if not centuries, of the application of the system of localizing power. Certainly the present century is not ripe for any such thing, particularly in cities where the criminal classes might have the preponderating influence. This portion of what might seem a logical sequence being left out, there is no moral or practical objection that can be urged against all other local officials being nominated and elected by the people except that Sir Oliver opposes the idea, being a beneficiary by his son's proxy of the present abuse of the appointive system.

Mr. D'Alton McCarthy after having spoken at Creemore, where his listeners were those to whom he must appeal for personal re-election, seems quite as indefinite a political personage as he was before. He still maintains that he prefers Separate rather than Secular schools, and no matter how gently he put this, how cleverly, how ambiguously, no matter how he disguises it with strong phrases or weak explanations, the fact remains the same that Mr. D'Alton McCarthy has read himself

set forth in Labouchere's paper indicates that Dr. Barnardo is either a fanatical person thoroughly unfit to choose juvenile emigrants or else is so wrapped up in the one idea of relieving the slums that Canada should revolt against being made the recipient of his selections.

Within the last two or three weeks I have happened in the offices of several gentlemen who are connected with the management of the Collegiate Institute Board. Either I have found some person busily engaged canvassing the trustees or my conversation with him has been interrupted by the onslaught of a delegation in favor of some young woman who desires to be appointed to the vacancy in the Jameson Avenue School. The position commands a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. There has been as much canvassing and wire-pulling to obtain it as if the solicitorship of Toronto was vacant or an appointment had to be made to the magistracy of the East or West division of the city. Now does it not strike the gentlemen of the

pay the entire cost of it. This province has already created by its expansive and expensive school system a larger supply of material than can obtain positions. It is now time for the province in the first place, for cities in the second place, and for each school in the third place, to obtain the properly equipped teacher—a teacher who has obtained his or her equipment at the state's expense largely—at a reasonable price.

I know of only one woman in this city who has devoted herself to the finest and most artistic department of manufacturing who has obtained a salary anything like as large as that offered for the position referred to. This lady is probably the most artistic milliner in Canada and holds a position in the largest establishment of that sort. It has cost her or her employers considerable to obtain her education. To do so she had to visit foreign countries, and yet she does not receive fifteen hundred dollars a year or within a considerable amount of that. As regards personal and mental equipment she is possibly

newspapers of the United States and Canada. The thing was obviously more or less of a scheme to make money out of the amounts paid for illustrated articles and was pretty generally declined by the newspapers. This being the case, it affords considerable amusement to those on the inside of the whole scheme to see flaring headlines announcing that this Wellman expedition has probably met with an "Icy Death." I imagine that there will be very little enthusiasm worked up or deep anxiety created in the minds of those who know the circumstances, inasmuch as it is very likely to prove but one of the opening chapters of something for which "so much a line" will be charged to the subscribers. It is all right to be interested in explorations, but I think the public have a right to know the difference between a genuine attempt to add to the geographical knowledge we already possess of the world's surface and what was originally designed as nothing much better than a scheme to sell syndicated stuff at so much a column. This sort of literature makes the task of the real explorer come down to the level of the objectionable sensationalism which to-day issues an alarmist report and to-morrow contradicts it. The alarmist report and the contradiction, however, in this instance arrived together and should excite nothing but distrust. The great men who have tried to find a northern passage should not have the glory of their records dimmed by these preposterous products of sensationalism.

While contributing to the great tide of Torontonians who go away for the summer, one cannot help wondering why a family should leave one of nature's own summer resorts to put up with less accommodation elsewhere than the home affords. It is the great spirit of change which moves people from their homes to islands, cottages and camps at a higher elevation. To give children an opportunity to run free, to paddle in the water and to have an outing is doubtless the sum total of the householder's desire. It cannot be denied that a change of altitude and of habit is beneficial and exhilarating; for this reason Toronto seems disinclined to largely patronize any of the otherwise attractive places on its own lake, while the region of islands and mosquitoes in Muskoka invites the visitor. The railroad rates, however, have not been made so easy as to be profitable, and excursionists have to face charges which are altogether too high for those who desire to summer out of the city. In spite of this it must be taken as an indication of anything but hard times that so many Toronto families are living where the cool nights and the slumberous days are so restful. It seems to me a pity that the railroads are not more generous in granting families commutation tickets. I think they stand in their own light, for there are thousands in the city who have no opportunity for a romp who would like to go to Muskoka and would go there and give their children a summer outing if the rates were not so high. Families argue that it is better to pay small taxes and be content with a small lot if in the hot season they can have plenty of room at a summer resort. The much abused monopolists apparently have seized all the places desirable near Toronto, and the railroads seem unwilling to grant facilities in the way of transportation to the lake country, the play and fishing ground of Canada, Simcoe and Muskoka. A much more generous policy will have to be pursued or the whole tide of traffic will stop. The fathers of families are perfectly willing to accept the inconvenience of removing their families into the upper lake country, but one can hardly submit to the enormous tax which the Grand Trunk inflicts. As in other matters it seems to care more for the position of dictator of the situation than to make good money out of carrying passengers.

While I heartily sympathize with the agitation for Sunday street cars I am afraid that the present campaign being carried on by the *World* is not likely to hasten the day when Sunday street cars will be running in Toronto. Every declared advocate of Sunday cars is, of course, in favor of Citizen Kelly and his coach, but the question is too large to be either argued or exemplified on small lines.

Toronto policemen are altogether too gay in making arrests and interfering with the liberty of the subject. In the old lands, Germany for instance, the police are instructed to interfere as little as possible with the liberty of the subject. A man is not permitted to talk disrespectfully in public of the Kaiser or the institutions of the Fatherland, yet outside of that and his military service the German is permitted the largest possible liberty personally. Here in America we let a man talk as much as he likes, but we interfere with his personal liberty to an extent which I consider unwarrantable. Having thus presented to us the two extremes of policy, is it not wise to adopt a more moderate phase of government in which public speech shall be restricted, not as the Czar restricts it, but within the lines which a constitution or custom lays down? On the other hand, as the subject will only be restricted so much—for it must be admitted that he cannot be fettered at every point and restrained in every respect—why not give the individual all the liberties that he has a right to and not fetter him where no public harm can result? If we continue to pass embarrassing laws and to make sumptuary provisions which are galling to the individual, we must certainly expect him to "break out" as he has broken out on commercial and economic questions. I imagine that Herbert Spencer is right



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

out of his own party. He thanks God that he is no longer a Conservative! At one time a great many people felt that the *Empire* did him a great injustice in practically reading him out of the party; now I think we are face to face with the astounding and somewhat absurd spectacle of D'Alton McCarthy reading himself out of the McCarthyite party. If the platform of his own party meant anything it meant the opposite of what he is teaching now, and he should no longer blame the *Empire* for reading him out of the Conservative party when Mr. D'Alton McCarthy reads himself out of his own party.

I notice that the agitation against cargoes of Dr. Barnardo's boys being landed in this country is still going on. Ever since I have had any acquaintance with the material Dr. Barnardo has brought to this country I have fought against any further admission of the lauded gutter-snipes that have been distributed throughout the reasonably decent communities of Canada. The people of this country may be unaware that Dr. Barnardo is accused of having recently raised a large sum of money by "legging" that his "Refuge" in London was threatened seizure by Roman Catholics. London *Truth* has been exposing the hollowness of this pretension. I certainly cannot be accused of being a rabid Protestant, but the whole correspondence as to

Collegiate Institute Board that they are paying too much money! The position could be filled for half the amount offered. I do not think there is a man in any way influential in Toronto school matters who has not been approached to aid one of the various applicants. Is not this because the salary is far in excess of the amount necessary to provide a teacher thoroughly competent to fill the position? Fifteen hundred dollars is not a very large salary, yet the school should recognize the fact that there are a hundred women, many of them without influential friends yet with a thorough equipment, who would be glad to take the place for seven hundred and fifty or a thousand dollars a year. Why should we not insist upon the appointment of a capable person at a proper price? It does not seem to have dawned on anybody in charge of the collegiate institutes of this city that ability is obtainable at a much more reasonable price than they are paying.

Why should hordes of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, business men, politicians, be solicited to influence the appointment of this one or the other? If the salary paid were not excessive this extraordinary wire-pulling would not be called into play. The whole business is a farce. Our collegiate institutes cost too much for teachers; the fees are too low for pupils; parents who desire that sort of education for their children should be made to

superior to nine-tenths of those who teach. The artistic temperament and the eye for color and form are much rarer than the mere ability to obtain bookish acquirements. Then, I ask, why should a high school teacher who may have the slenderest claim upon supremacy be paid wages twenty-five or forty per cent. higher than the largest amount that is paid to any woman who has succeeded in the most artistic, delicate and beautiful feature of catering to the tastes of the women of this city and province? Is it not instituting a disparity of pay which is both objectionable and improper in itself as well as disheartening to those who have spent a lifetime in perfecting themselves in tasks much more trying, much more crucial in the taxing of ability, yet which contribute more to the making of Toronto a center of business than the teaching of the higher branches of education to pupils, many of whom would be much better off if they went into some industrial or artistic employment?

A feeble effort to create the same anxiety manifested by the public when Livingstone was being searched for and when news from other African and Arctic explorers was being hunted after, is now being made in the matter of Walter Wellman's expedition, which set forth some time ago ostensibly in search of the North Pole. Syndicate articles descriptive of the trip were offered to all the



when he says that the world is drifting towards a military despotism.

The individuals of this country and of every country cannot be restrained as we are trying to restrain them unless an army presents arms and threatens to shoot down those who feel that as electors they have a right to rule. Democracies certainly cannot indulge in those remarkable fads which are every day cropping up. What right has A to say to B that he shall eat this or drink that, or C to say to D that he shall not eat this or drink that? We may think that by passing these sumptuary laws the morality of the country will be bettered. I contend—not that I am opposed to any law which shall apparently relieve us from temptation—but that every entanglement of this kind is simply an irritation from which the people should be left free. If it were not so, why would the despots of Europe, who fetter the subject as much as it is possible to fetter him, leave him at liberty individually to eat and drink what he pleases, where he likes, and leave him at large on all except imperial questions? I think the question is whether we are drifting towards greater liberty—greater license if you so put it—in matters of government, with less liberty as individuals, or whether the next phase in the world's reconstruction is to be less liberty politically and more liberty individually.

We may as well understand that the world will not permit laws to be enacted which will harass the individual at every turn. Successfully we may deny a man liberty to talk anarchy or denounce in set terms and without regard to truth the Government, while permitting him to drink his beer and to be himself individually, or we may go on and fetter him individually, that he shall not drink beer nor use tobacco nor ride on a street car on Sunday, but give him unlimited privilege to call the Government all the hateful names in the vocabulary.

Of one thing every country may remain satisfied, and that is that the subject must have some liberty, some chance of breaking out, a safety valve of some sort. God made man and man makes laws. We cannot recreate man nor can we permanently have laws that are absolutely disagreeable to him. Points of friction will always be presented to everybody who lives in this world, but we present too many of them in a legal way and we simply encourage what is evidently the tide of the world, socialism, communism, anarchy, and invite the results which must follow these dreadful conceptions of those who consider that law is inflicting them. There is nothing dreadful about any of them as mere ideas; it is the fearful extravagances to which people go that make us dread such doctrines. Christ was a socialist; the governments of this country are more or less socialistic. That we maintain idiots and criminals who could be much more cheaply put to death than preserved, and with greater comfort to their friends, indicates that the many must take care of the few and that the few must lose themselves in the many. Yet what regard is being shown for the few or for the enormous minorities who desire certain liberties in life? Certainly in Canada we are ignoring some of these things. We have great conventions of religious people who flatter us for being so God fearing and strict on the sabbath, yet the same people who tickle our vanity by their speeches here go home and ride on Sunday cars and could not by any means be persuaded to support the abolition of those transportation schemes which add to their personal convenience. The whole thing after all can be boiled down to this: The people must have a certain amount of liberty and a certain amount of restraint. Let those who make the laws consider in what direction the restraint shall be imposed and in what direction the liberties shall be increased. It is without reason to urge that they can be restrained in every direction. To insist upon all kinds of restraint is only to invite anarchy, and the world is just in that condition now that the governments of it must understand that life and the conditions surrounding it are at best hard and difficult and that the individual is weary, too often hopeless, still worse, too often helpless. Under such circumstances let the Government impose as few laws as possible and avoid the dangers which result even to horses when their burdens are too heavy and the collars about their necks make sores on their shoulders. Give the individual a chance to be an individual. Go on and make him part of a machine, dictate to him his diet, his hours of rest and labor, his uprisings and his down-sittings, what he and his children shall learn, the church to which he shall go, the prayers he shall say, and finally he will throw off the entire yoke and he will go neither to church nor to bed; he will sit up and damn the entire outfit. We are getting too many laws, too much legal funny business. The police instead of being instruments for the proper conduct of the city are becoming instruments which a few foolish people are using for what they consider the proper conduct of the individual. Ultimately this will not be tolerated; the individual must be left alone.

Those who have read the history of the world and are watching the progress of events everywhere know that we are proceeding towards certain collision between law and the individual right here in Toronto. Why, there is a law for everything and a by-law for everybody, and a policeman to bang you into obedience in matters where a man who was created in the image of God thinks he ought to judge for himself. It is a serious matter and the whole outcome of it, the result, if it is possible to have a peaceful result, must be recognized as disastrous unless we are aiming at the wiping out of all individuality and the ironing down of this city to a smooth, unenterprising, uninteresting nothingness. Whether we are drifting? Are we to be flattered or dissatisfied by being told, as we have been told by the orators of the Baptist convention, that we have succeeded in throttling Rum Romanism and the "bums"? What does this mean? All those who are in favor of Sunday street cars are gathered under these titles. It was a harsh and unchristian expression; it is out of harmony with the times

and the progress of events. Toronto should take warning good and early that there is neither profit nor permanent peace in trying to be the text of peripatetic orators; that there is not a dollar in being quoted as the salutary place of America; that there is not a virtue added to the individual nor a particle of purity added to our public or private life by boasting or being boasted of as Toronto the Good. In the private, public and general life of this Dominion, Toronto is no better than any other city, and it is a dangerous thing to pose as a place of purity when we have no particular claim to any such position except the formalism and the pretentiousness which are eating the very life out of our progress and making us the laughing-stock of all those people whose interests are commercial and not pharisaical. The tendency of the age is towards a release from the conditions which every day we are imposing more rigorously upon our fellow-citizens. It is a mistake, and no matter how much obloquy it may bring upon those who denounce the whole movement, I for one shall never cease denouncing this empty and spirit-destroying onslaught upon the individualism of the country. The people of Toronto cannot be turned into cogs and grooves of a machine anymore than the people of the world can be restrained, restricted and whipped into line by those who say that they know best what the individual shall do. God knows best; He placed us here with liberty to act as individuals, and while fearing and loving Him the world will proceed to do as it sees fit and will submit only to such legal restraints as are necessary for government, the peace of the community and the progress of the nation.

The following clever letter speaks for itself and I can simply say it expresses my views exactly:

DEAR DOR,—You said some time ago that the Tories would have to wait till the Grits in the Dominion House made another mistake, as they always did before an election. What have you to say to the *Globe's* course on the Intercolonial Conference? Isn't that mistake enough? We have them, and their name's Dennis as sure as you live. The *Globe's* leaders are very astute, and often slip down without one knowing it; more's the pity. But it's no go this time. They can't shove their "Little England—Big States" Radical views down the throats of Canadians. Oh, no. They might as well try to stem Niagara's flood as to turn back the tide of Imperialism that is sweeping over the empire. I'd rather the Grits would sink party on questions of Imperial import such as this, like they do in the British House. But if they choose to break their heads on a stone wall, we won't break our hearts from grief. Not we! Then there is the fast Atlantic and Pacific Lines, the most progressive scheme suggested since the C.P.R. was built. The Grits are opposed to them too. Yet it stands to reason, does it not, that people who now go by the New York Lines simply because they are faster, will take the Canadian route when it is quicker and smoother? I hope the Government will go on with the good work and not allow the Conference to be without great fruits. They could not ask for a better question to appeal to the country than the extension of trade with the colonies as against trade with our powerful rival, the States. Now, you have my opinion, and if you would let me have yours you would, besides pleasing and edifying your numerous readers, greatly oblige.

A YOUNG TORONTO.

#### Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowther are again in Cobourg. On account of a recent bereavement, Mr. and Mrs. Crowther will not entertain as usual this summer, and everyone is sorry to miss the jolliest dance of the season, as well as regretting the cause of its non-existence.

The annual excursion of St. George's Society to Niagara Falls will take place on Tuesday next, July 31st, per steamers Chippewa, Cibola and Chicora and the Electric Railway. This is always a big and pleasant excursion.

Miss Ella Statton left Tuesday afternoon for Williamsport, Pa., where she will spend her summer vacation.

Mr. W. N. Irwin left for a vacation to Picton and vicinity, where Mrs. Irwin has been since Dominion Day on a visit to her parents.

Councillor R. M. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw of Huddersfield, England, have been visiting their son, Mr. G. E. Shaw of Prince Arthur avenue, and after visiting many places of interest in Canada and the United States expect to return by steamer Lucania to day.

Professor Shuttleworth has left for a trip to the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Geo. H. Hall, 132 Lisgar street, and her daughter Gerty have gone to Turtle Lake, Parry Sound district, for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland and daughter are spending a couple of weeks at Wabun Cottage, Stony Lake, the guests of Mr. Strickland's parents.

Miss Ella Moyer, daughter of P. E. W. Moyer, Berlin News, is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Ardagh, Seaton street.

Mr. Reginald Temple of Simcoe street is spending his vacation at DeGrass Point, Lake Simcoe.

Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald and family, of Simcoe street, are summering at their cottage at DeGrass Point.

The annual matriculation examinations of the combined universities of Queen's, Trinity and Toronto have just closed. The examination is now a uniform one, and is conducted for the joint universities by the Education Department of Ontario. Seven thousand two hundred candidates wrote on these Departmental examinations this year. The greater part of those who wrote are candidates for teachers' certificates, of which there are three grades, first, second and third. They are examined on the same papers as candidates for matriculation. The papers are now being read at the Department on Church street. The papers of all the universities are sent to the Department and read by the Departmental examiners. The results will be announced in districts about August 15. The examiners are appointed by a board—nominated by the joint universities—of which Hon. G. W. Ross is chairman. Candidates for matriculation must obtain twenty-five per cent. on each paper set, and forty per cent. of the total marks. Candidates for teachers' certificates

must obtain thirty-three and one-third per cent. on each paper, and fifty per cent. of the total. There will be seven thousand two hundred anxious ones until these results are announced. About seven thousand of those who wrote studied at the high schools and collegiate institutes of the province. The remainder were prepared at various private schools and by private tuition.

Several Osgoode Hall men are summering at Niagara-on-the-Lake at various cottages and hotels. They purpose giving a minstrel entertainment in the near future.

Capt. A. H. O'Brien, barrister, has left for the canoe camp at Sing Sing, N. Y.

The Misses MacMichael of St. Patrick street are summering at Almonte.

Miss Beeton of Jarvis, Ont., is in the city visiting friends.

Mr. Don Donald of Church street is spending the heated term in Port Hope.

Mrs. Arkle and Mrs. H. Ellis have been at Lake DeGrass enjoying the kind hospitality of Mr. Irwin and Mr. Freeman of Haliburton.

A very quiet wedding took place on Thursday evening of last week at the Church of the Ascension, when Mr. A. McKeown was married to Miss Letitia S. Moore. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. H. G. Baldwin. The bridesmaid was Miss Nellie Withers and Mr. Frank Wilkes acted as groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. McKeown will reside at 90 Robert street.

Miss Bartha L. Morris celebrated her twenty-first birthday on Monday evening, July 23, at her home, Mimico. A goodly number of her young friends from the city arrived to do honor to the event. Dancing was indulged in far into the morning. A feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome gold bracelet, after which the party drove back to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham of Maplecroft and the Misses Gooderham are at Old Orchard Beach for the summer and are thoroughly enjoying the sea bathing and fresh sea air.

Mr. Cecil Lee goes next week for a vacation to the Thousand Islands. Mrs. Lee and her little daughter will join the Gooderham family party at Old Orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Acheson are at Waveney on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston of 33 Grosvenor street is spending a few weeks at Sherwood, Muskoka, the summer residence of Mrs. G. B. Hall of Guelph.

A whisper of a coming betrothal which will unite wealth, culture and good looks in equal quantities is flattering the dove-cots of the inner circle.

"Daughter, is it possible that you and Mr. D. were out in the canoe until midnight?" "Certainly not, mamma, we landed at twelve o'clock exactly. Who could have told you such an awful fib?" And mamma hasn't quite recovered from her snub at time of going to press.

Misses Carrie and Charlotte Chaplin of St. Catharines have returned from Europe, where they have been travelling for the past five months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ryrie have returned from a three months' trip to Europe.

Colonel and Mrs. Davidson gave an island dinner on Saturday at their summer residence, Sahara, which they have leased from Colonel Sweny for this season.

Sir Richard Cartwright was in town this week and breakfasted at the Island with his sons, who are boarding at Hanlan's Point, on Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Alton Huycke Garratt are the happy parents of a very fine little son, who arrived about a fortnight ago.

The Misses Mills and Dittie Lamont are on a visit to Mrs. J. L. Nichol at Chatham.

Mrs. Kleiser, Miss and Miss Lilli Kleiser are spending a very pleasant summer at Thousand Islands.

Miss Maud Morrison is enjoying a delightful holiday with the Misses Kleiser at Cheery Island, Thousand Islands.

Miss Elith Cross of St. Kitz is visiting Mrs. MacMahon of Gloucester street.

Mr. Percy MacMahon spent a few days in town this week, on his way to the Bankers' convention in Halifax.

Miss S. Inson and Miss Bessie Stinson are at Port Sandfield, Muskoka, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Maddison.

Miss Adelaide Wadsworth goes for a visit to Collingwood to-day.

The following are some of the guests registered this week at Strawberry Island, Lake Simcoe: Mrs. John McArthur and family, of Bloor street, Toronto, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Smart; Messrs. Johnston and Campbell of London, Mrs. E. E. Sheppard and family, of Toronto, Mr. Henry I. Lord of Markham, and Mr. John A. Patterson and family, of Toronto.

Miss Taylor of 88 Avenue road, who has been visiting in the Thousand Islands with Master Charles and the Misses Paul at Oriole's Nest, the residence of their uncle, Rev. William Hall of Montreal, returns home to day.

A concert was given by the Aquatic Association on Wednesday evening, which was followed by a dance for the Island residents. The Island orchestra, composed of mouth-organs, mandolins and banjos, as well as a tin-whistle, was much in evidence.

The visit of the Philadelphia cricketers was full of interest to a smart coterie, who assembled on Monday at Rosedale grounds in

response to the invitation of the Rosedale Cricket Club. The afternoon was cloudy and threatening and shortly after five the fair spectators were forced to follow the example of the cricketers and beat a retreat before a heavy shower of rain. On Tuesday the sun shone kindly and an increased attendance was the result. Among those present on Monday were: Dr. Mrs. and Miss Cameron, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. Percy and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Miss Small, Capt. R. Myles, Mr. John Featherstonhaugh, Mr. Wyley Grier, Mr. Harvey and Rev. Mr. Roper, who all preferred the grand stand to the tent or chairs on the club house lawn.

Last Saturday evening the usual concerts and hops were given at the various summer resorts. At the Penetanguishene Hotel an unusually good concert was prepared by the guests, some of whom are fine musicians, and was much enjoyed by the audience. A dance closed the amusements of a delightful week.

Miss Alice Bunting and Miss Arthurs are visiting Miss Riordan at St. Catharines.

The Elmsmere Bicycle Club was formed at the Elmsmere House, Center Island, three weeks ago, and with such success that many guests have been induced to go in for riding. There are about a hundred guests in this popular resort, nearly half of whom have wheels. The City Council have rightly allowed moderate riding on the plank walks. The Elmsmere Club commenced at once to set the example as a body of enforcing this new by-law of the city and of dismounting when necessary in the crowded portions of the walks. They also insist on all members carrying bells and ringing them some distance from pedestrians. The club is a large one and contains some of the best people in our city. They meet on different afternoons and evenings throughout the week for a walk to Hanlan's Point, where the weekly meet takes place with always a full attendance of enthusiastic members. Outside of the usual club matters pertaining to bicycling, etc., the members discuss all points of interest in regard to the beautifying and promotion of the Toronto Island generally. In fact, so great and varied are the subjects discussed that a large number of new offices had to be created for the filling of which there is always the greatest amount of rivalry, and the ballot-box has to be brought into use. At their last meeting the reports of the different committees on the grand concert to be given on Friday next were received and showed that everything pointed to a very successful evening's entertainment. The concert is under the special charge of the musical director of the club, assisted by an able committee. This statement alone is a sufficient guarantee that the concert will equal anything ever attempted at the Island. The concert is given under the patronage of the Lord Bishop of Toronto, and is in aid of St. Andrew's Church, Center Island, and will be held in the Island Aquatic Club House.

The following are among the arrivals for this week at Grimsby Park: Rev. James Hodge and wife of Windsor, Mrs. J. G. Keagy and daughter of Buffalo, Mr. J. H. Spencer of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Brewster of Brantford, Mr. H. D. McConchie of Galt, Rev. James Van Wyck of Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson of St. John's, Nfld., Mr. John C. Jamieson of Picton, Mr. B. B. Robbins of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hare of Whitby, Mrs. Charles Fisher of Toronto, Mr. George N. Brown and Miss Grace E. Brown of New York, Mrs. W. G. Brown of Rochester, Miss Emily A. Killick of Rochester, Mr. H. Little of Waterford, Mr. D. A. Campbell of Toronto, Mrs. Frank Sivan of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., Rev. J. S. Williamson, D.D., and family of Ingersoll, Mr. A. H. Birge of Hamilton, Misses J. M. and Gertie Tucker of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Carpenter of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. William Buck of Brantford, Miss Mary T. Marshall of Philadelphia, Mrs. G. M. Rose of Tucson, Arizona, Mrs. J. P. Lawson of St. George, Mr. S. F. Groff of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of London, Mr. L. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Millicamp, Miss Emma Hillock, Miss P. Bowden, Miss F. A. Farrier, Miss A. J. Esterbrook, Mr. and Mrs. A. Maddox of Toronto; Mrs. F. H. Tafford of Brantford, Mr. A. F. Fields of Hamilton, Mr. Wm. Vander Roest of New York, Mrs. A. Fisher and daughter of Tecumseh, Mich., Rev. J. A. Saunders and family of Waterford, Mr. R. J. Dilworth and wife of Toronto, Rev. A. A. Holzworth and family, Mrs. H. Aubl and family of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mrs. J. T. Rice and family of Baltimore, Md., Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Hopkins of Newport News, Va., Rev. A. Brown of Orangeville, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McKitchan of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Wilkins of Toronto, Mr. W. H. McElvick of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Silence, Mrs. Gilbert and daughter of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane of Toronto, Mr. W. Armstrong of London, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Henderson of Guelph, Mr. Harold P. Moon of Philadelphia, Rev. E. J. Klock and wife of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Mrs. Penrose and family of Baltimore, Md., Rev. E. Chown and family of Lucan, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Smith of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Veigh of Brantford, Mr. W. B. Burgoyne of St. Catharines, Mrs. Stearns and son, Mrs. E. J. Hahn of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Mr. Leslie A. Davidson of Detroit, Mich., Mrs. J. E. Starr and son of Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Linton and Miss Errett are staying at Center Island.

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## In the Open Air.



THOSE devoted cricketers who during the visit of the Philadelphians are sitting out day after day watching the games, will probably show a marked improvement in their play after the visitors have departed. In watching the play of the gentlemen from the Quaker City there is much for the local player to learn. He at once perceives wherein they are superior. For instance, George S. Patterson on Monday at Rosedale bowled an innings through without sending down more than about a dozen balls that would have disturbed the wickets. Yet the analysis shows that he secured 5 wickets at a cost of 23 runs. Against first-class batsmen it is almost impossible to manoeuvre the ball against the sticks. It becomes necessary to outwit the batsman by inciting him to hit at a ball that will elude him and make it possible to stump him, or at one that will break to or from him at the critical second and dish up into the fielders' hands. Mr. Patterson as a rule bowled a ball about a foot off the wickets, which on striking the ground broke sharply still further away from the batsman instead of towards them. Thus the ball when struck would seldom cut away as the batsman intended, but would spin off into the slips or points. Four out of his five wickets were caught, and I think in the manner described. E. W. Clark, Jr., and F. E. Brewster also bowled on similar theories, though they seemed oftener to take a shy at the wickets than the great G. S. But this method of bowling can only be pursued under favorable circumstances. The Philadelphia captain placed his men to suit his purpose. On the leg side of the field for a right-hand batsman he only placed two men, mid and square leg, to look after ankles and one-taps. The others were scientifically scattered on the off side, except one man on the extreme boundary behind the bowler to look after a possible long drive. It was almost impossible to do anything but cut Patterson's bowling, and to cut a ball through that field was likewise almost impossible. The men were placed skillfully; the bowling was suited exactly to the placing of the men; the men were crack fielders every one, and not lay figures in white flannel. Biddle, Thomson and others on Monday gave some examples of how hummers can be stopped and returned to the wickets. No baseball shortstop could do swifter or cleaner work than Biddle did at point off Clark's bowling. The bowlers know that the fielders will catch anything that can be caught, and will stop anything that can be stopped. The Rosedale bowlers weren't dead sure of anything save that if they hit the wickets the batsman would be out. At the same time I must say that Clement and Bond each made a fine catch in retiring Clark and Brewster respectively. But the truth is that in the average local cricket match the bowlers cannot depend upon the fielders. Of course if he does bowl for catches and the ball keeps popping up among the fielders, an accident is liable to happen and the man may get caught out. The man who holds a catch is for the time being a hero and is looked upon as a sort of wizard and worker of miracles. Fielding is entirely neglected in cricket practice here. We bat and bowl and lounge about the field during practice, and toss up to see who will chase the ball without realizing that fielding is the one branch of the game in which we are hopelessly inferior to the Philadelphians, Australians and Britishers. If our bowlers could trust to our fielders as implicitly as do the visiting bowlers who come here every season, we might score a notable victory now and then. Our best bowlers have no opportunity to acquire faith in their fielders. Their experience is that it pays to continuously storm the wickets. When in a good match they are supported by sharp and safe fielders they are without that thorough practice which a head bowler requires. I believe in the good old method employed in some out-of-town clubs of taking a baseball bat up to the grounds one night each week and having one man pound out hot grounders, and high and low flies, while the wicket-keeper stands padded and gloved at his post, receiving the ball as it comes in swiftly from one point and then another. This gives the men practice in stopping, catching, throwing and backing up the wicket-keeper and each other. This plan, if pursued for one season, will pull a poor team into the front rank as fielders.

The Philadelphians, of course, defeated Rosedale. So far as the visitors' score was concerned the home team escaped very well. The total of 141 was small. However, the Rosedallians should have made more runs than they did, for locally they are considered good batsmen. The only one to come off with any credit was Mr. George S. Lyon, who put up 32 not out and 22. When time was called Monday night he had 32 not out and 21 not out, but after the long rain of Tuesday morning he went to bat on a wet wicket, playing very cautiously for a long time, but was caught out after adding only one run to his previous day's good performance. There are plenty of men in the first ranks of cricket who make more runs than he in home games, but in recent years he has usually shown up to advantage against the Americans. He does not overawe poorer players and become overawed himself when he meets better ones, but plays his game under all circumstances. Bowbanks with 0 and 5 was a disappointment to us all. When he made that duck we all prophesied that he would score in his second venture, but after making five he was caught off by Patterson as in the first. Clement batted well in each innings for 7 and 16. I never saw him cut away better, but it was impossible to get the ball through the points. Forester made 7 and 13, Hoskin 8 and 12, but none of the others succeeded in doing anything. The Rosedale totals of 62 and 85 were small. Philadelphia with 7 runs to win, secured them in a few minutes without losing a wicket, and thereupon played an exhibition



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Innings, the features of which were Etting's 74 and Ralston's 56. They secured 148 for 4 wickets when time was called.

Having discussed these subjects at such length, I will leave until next issue the consideration of the two bigger games which occupied the balance of the week.

I did not hear about Laing's capital batting performance against Detroit in time for this column last week, having to give this matter to the printer each Wednesday evening. He made 107, not out, and gave such an exhibition of strong, hard play as few can boast of having previously witnessed. In fact, Mr. John E. Hall, secretary of the Canadian Cricket Association, and as good an authority on such matters as there is in the country, informs me that he is not sure that a world's record was not broken in the making of 215 runs in eighty minutes. The Toronto Club defeated Detroit. Pope of London scored 98 against the Detroiters, and we are all very sorry that he did not get the other two. The scores at Hamilton were ridiculously low on that usually fast wicket.

A gentleman who has entered upon the fifties suggested to me at the Philadelphia-Rosedale game on Monday that it would be a good scheme to get up a veteran cricket club. There is plenty of material, for every club in town has among its officers and members a few elderly gentlemen who still could give a good account of themselves, especially in batting. A match between the veterans residing east and west of Yonge street should make a fairly even game, and if taken up could be easily arranged. That such a match would be unusually interesting goes without saying.

In a match, Clinton vs. London, on the grounds of the latter last week the home team was victorious on the result of the first innings. In Clinton's second venture 107 runs were put up, of which M. McTaggart made 49 by sound cricket. He is a very free bat, with graceful motions and unusually good wrists.

The East Toronto Club is on a tour east and on Monday defeated Kingston and on Tuesday Deseronto. Some players criticize a club for touring anywhere but in the direction of Detroit, claiming that good cricket can only be encountered in Hamilton, London, Chatham, Windsor and Detroit. There is something in this, but at the same time the club that tours over comparatively unfrequented ground does the game a distinct service. The tour of the East Toronto Club through the East will give cricket an impetus that it can get in no other way, and one of these days it will be discovered that the East is dotted with good clubs.

Parkdale was defeated on Saturday afternoon by East Toronto, the west-enders being apparently unable to do anything with the bowling of Attewell, the new professional of the orient. He secured 7 wickets for 15 runs. For the same side Faulds gave a fine exhibition of free hitting, and Larkin, though badly missed in the slips before he had scored, afterwards played a fine innings for 27. Lyall with 18 was the only one on the losing side to do anything. Joe Snyder made a very clever catch in disposing of Artie Chambers when he was partnering Lyall in good style. These clubs will meet again before the close of the season and a stubborn contest is promised.

### Sarcasm.

"Mistah," said an urchin to the man who was driving a very poor horse, "does yoh want me to hol' 'im?"

"No; this horse won't run away."

"I didn't mean hol' 'im fast, so's he won't run away. I meant hol' 'im up so he won't drap."—*Ex.*

### Is the Pope in a Dungeon?

A most sensational case has been brought before the Courts of Rome. It appears that several French adventurers started the rumor that the present occupant of St. Peter's Chair is not the real Leo XIII., but a substitute, put into the Vatican to destroy the power of the Catholic church. The adventurers succeeded in convincing numerous persons that the real Pope is a prisoner in the vaults beneath the Vatican, and the dupes, among whom are several nobles of high rank, parted with large sums to bribe the supposed jailers of His Holiness to give him back to the world. Four persons have been sentenced to one year's imprisonment each by the court, for alleged swindling.

"The most wonderful thing about the whole matter," says *The Echo*, Berlin, "is that the Countess of Arnaud, the Marquis Martinuzzi, the Duke of Bustelli Foscolo, and Baron Penacetti continue to maintain their assertion that the Pope who reigns at the Vatican is spurious. They are led to this belief because they were unable to obtain an audience with His Holiness. They believe that the last Arch-Duke Johann Salvator is the Pope's jailer. It is quite certain that the accused persons endeavored to win the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy for their attempt to release the supposed prisoner, and that they spent large fortunes in

the realization of their object. The two Frenchmen who contributed twenty thousand francs, the Abbe Xae and the Solicitor Genard, also continue to believe the story."—*Translated for the Literary Digest.*

### He Didn't Rattle Her.

He was a San Franciscan in the played-out city of London. He came from the West, where he had developed that independence and self-reliance which, combined with good looks and twenty dollar gold pieces, made a man superior to all Europe. He strolled with graceful dignity into a gilded bar, over which presided a divinity of superb physical form, but still a woman, with that air which only an English barmaid can possibly put on—an air of mingled conceit, pride, coquetry and humility. She awaited his order. He was dressed in the latest fashion. He threw the lapel of his coat back with a proud gesture, and, fixing his fascinating eye on the bar beauty, he said:

"Tell me, my pretty maid, what can you suggest for a man who ate a Welsh rabbit last night and does not feel well this morning?"

She did not smile; she did not appear to be affected by the appearance of his swelling chest or his wicked eye; she simply said:

"Why didn't you heat two Welsh rabbits and let 'em chase each other?"—*Ex.*

### Limited Good Taste.

"My wife has awfully poor taste concerning clothes," said the worried-looking man, in a burst of confidence.

"Indeed!" said the other man. "I always

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understood from my women folks that she was one of the best dressers in town."

"I mean in regard to mine. She thinks that two or three fifteen-dollar suits per year are enough for me."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

### A Privileged Man.

Clara—Oh, you need not deny it, Effie! My ears do not deceive me. Someone kissed you in the garden last night.

Zella—And with your ideas of propriety, too. I should think you would be ashamed of yourself.

Effie—I wouldn't preach, girls, if I were you. Neither of you objects to some men kissing you.

Clara—Oh, but that's quite a different thing; and, besides, I only let my fiancé kiss me.

Effie—Why, then, it's quite the same thing, for it was your fiancé who kissed me!—*Truth.*

### Thought it Time to Quit.

"The first time I took my eldest boy to church," a minister's wife says, "when he was two years and a half old. I managed, with carcases and frowns and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed on the seat, looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he hit upon a certain relief for his troubles he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention and exclaimed in a distinct voice, 'Ma, please make pa say Amen.'—*Exchange.*

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## Midsummer Hats.

WITH the coming of midsummer, round hats are worn almost altogether and are chosen of larger sizes than those used early in the season. Shade hats of rough straw, brown, ecru, white or black, are slightly pointed upward in front and pinched into curves in the back. Their generally accepted trimming is a soft fabric, such as mull, chiffon or net, in a full twist around the crown, with a *chou* of the same on each side of the front. The *chou* are very large and puffy, resting against the crown rather than lying on the brim. At the back is a wide low bow, either of this soft material, or else of ribbon, satin, *moiré* or striped, as one may fancy. A black rough straw with *chou* and bow of pale blue mull is very effective, and will harmonize with many summer gowns. White rough straws with green velvet *chou*, or with white *chou* and a green velvet bow at the back, are also cool and summery-looking. The lavender-blue shade now so fashionable in Paris is used here in millinery under the name of blue blue, and promises to be an important color in the autumn. It is the lightest tint found in the French *bleu* or German cornflower, instead of the clear dark shades of these blossoms known as corn-flower blue. It is most used in large flowers, orchids, the iris and poppies, the latter, though not true to nature in this color, being very effective when made of satin antique or of *mirroir* velvet. Tulle of this new shade is also a pretty summer trimming in bows, rosettes and fan pleatings around the crown of *ecru* or of black hats, with bunches of blue flowers on one side or on both, or with shorter-stemmed blossoms covering the brim.

For afternoon wear at garden parties and other summer *festes* young women wear Leghorn hats trimmed with *chiffon*, *taffeta* ribbon bows and ostrich tips. Pink *chiffon* loosely twisted around the crown and knotted on the right side, with a Prince of Wales group of black tips on the left side, makes a charming

torsades and rosettes, and will be worn late in the season before autumn hats are ready.

Extremely small turbans, that are scarcely more than crowns of rough straw, are introduced late in the season for boating and yachting hats. They are of London origin, and are simply trimmed with a thick soft twist of *ecru* inside the close narrow brim, filling up the slight space between crown and brim, then going up in high loops on the left, holding still higher a pair of wings of black or gray feathers, or else two quills thickly jetted. They come in dark brown or gray straw, or else are black throughout. Among inexpensive hats for young girls and children are those made of mull in soft puffs neatly adorned with rosettes and ruffles and bows of the same. This mull, though glossy as silk and as transparent as *chiffon*, is a cotton fabric, and quite durable. For its only trimming two small birds with pointed wings and tall are near the front, poised as though just alighting from flight. The hats come in all light colors and in white. The small bonnets that are worn to church by young matrons and those who are elderly are of rough straws—chalk white, *ecru*, or black, and also in some fancy colors, as the yellow of ripe corn, cerise, and the new blue shade. They are more close crowns of the straw without a brim, or else with a brim that flares slightly. They are partly trimmed with black, no matter what color the straw may be. Bunches of black violets, and of white violets also, are on black or white bonnets. Chalky-white rice-straw bonnets have bows of black and white striped ribbon, one on each side of the back, and a row of pink roses across the front. Pleated *tulle* in yellow or blue shades covers the brim of yellow straw bonnets, and black violets are bunched in front of the crown and droop at the back. Black bonnets have the popular black and white bow at the back, with a bandeau of black violets across the front, from which spring long-stemmed pink roses in the form of an *aligrette*. All these bonnets fit the head closely, and many have pointed ends in the back going down each side of the knot of hair. The latter are especially liked by elderly ladies, as they clasp the gray hair, which should always be confined.

The dress illustrated this week is a combination of satin-striped silk in black, light blue, and yellow, and blue embroidered *ecru* *batiste*. The entire draped waist, pointed and with a slight added basque, is of the embroidery. The sleeves and the skirt, which is slightly draped on the left side, are of the silk. LA MODE.

## No Prodigy.

"Oh, no, that boy of mine is no infant prodigy," freely admitted Prospect Heights in answer to a remark from another man over the billiard table at the Pierpont Club.

"Not!" ejaculated Fulton Trolley incredulously.

"No, not by any manner of means," reiterated Prospect Heights firmly.

"By Jove! What a remarkable youngster he must be!" struck in Jack Montague, as he finished his brilliant run of six points by counting off nine on the string.

"How many languages does he speak?" asked Fulton Trolley, interestedly chalking his cue.

"None; he's only seven months old," explained Prospect Heights. "When he wants anything he simply gives a grunt and points at it—same as Montague."

"And like Montague, when he wants a thing he generally gets it, I suppose?" returned that individual calmly. "Pity he's too young to know what a snap he has in not being married."

"Oh, e-r, yes—as I was saying, he's no infant prodigy," went on Prospect Heights with a slightly embarrassed air. "But he is certainly quite remarkable in some respects. When my wife has him out and meets another woman with a child in her arms, she always gets to comparing notes with her. Near as I can find out women talk 'baby' just about the same as men talk 'horse'."

"Never get to the trading point though, do they?" chuckled Montague, as he carefully nursed the balls into a corner.

"No, sir," replied Prospect Heights with plying contempt. "They simply take it out in talking and discussing the fine points of their offspring. And my wife tells me that in all the comparisons she has made of our youngster with infants of different ages, sexes, colors and weights, she has never seen any other baby fit to hold a candle to him. She says he has more spunk and more hair and teeth than any other child of his age in Brooklyn. He's stronger and healthier than most of them at a year or fourteen months. Why, his idea of taking a ride in his baby carriage is to get out and push it himself, if the nurse would let him."

"Your shot, Heights," observed Montague a little wearily.

"Oh," responded Prospect Heights absently, as he missed an easy draw and continued his description enthusiastically. "But, as I was saying, you've no idea how strong the little beggar is. He fairly astonishes me sometimes. When I came home the other day I found him playing with the unabridged dictionary. He had pulled the thing off the table on to the floor, and when I entered the room he was trying to get it back on the table again. I think he'd have done it too, if I hadn't stopped him. I was afraid he would strain himself lifting such a weight."

"I suppose you'll swear to that?" asked Fulton Trolley.

"On the dictionary?" added Jack.

"On anything!" said Prospect Heights defiantly. "But I can tell you something more wonderful than that. You know he's too young to put by himself in a cradle yet, so he sleeps between my wife and me in our bed. Well, what do you think that young rascal does now? He wakes up every night and kicks the clothes off the bed. Completely off the bed and on to the floor, sir! And then he lies and grins as if it was the biggest joke in the world to see me get up and chassay around in the cold trying to get those clothes back into place again. Oh, he's a terror, I can tell you!"

"And how old is he?" asked Montague.

"Seven months."

"Then, you're a very lucky man, Heights," said Fulton Trolley solemnly, "for I consider

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## Successful Ventriloquism.

"At Raglan Castle," said Mr. Ganthony, the ventriloquist, "I gave an entertainment in the open air, and throwing my voice up into the ivy-covered ruins said: 'What are you doing there?' To my amazement a voice answered, 'I climbed up 'ere this mornin' just to see the folk and 'ear the music; I won't do no harm.' I replied, 'Very well, stay there, and don't let anyone see you, do you hear?' The reply came, 'Yes, mester, I 'ear.' This got me thunders of applause. I made up my mind to risk it, so I bowed, and the boy never showed himself."—Exchange.

Mr. Grumpp—What boobies women are—always crying at weddings! Mrs. Grumpp—You never saw women crying at a divorce, did you?—*New York Weekly*.

Tattler—Miss Highflier has a new riding habit. Rattler—I haven't seen it. Tattler—No; you wouldn't. She takes a cocktail every day before she starts for the park.—*Truth*.

"What induced you to cut your friend Gushly?" "His very high-flown sentiments about the duties of friendship—I was afraid the day might come when I couldn't afford them."—*Truth*.

Mr. Hardhead—Yes; I've tried to read Ibsen, but I can't make out what he's driving at.

Miss Beaknihil—One does not understand Ibsen, Mr. Hardhead—one absorbs him.—*Puck*.

A gentleman enters a telegraph office: "I beg pardon, but as I was coming along this afternoon, I saw myriads of flies settled on your wires. Can you suggest any explanation?" "About what time was it, sir?"

"About four o'clock."

"Ah, that accounts for it; that's the time I send quotations for sugar and honey."

## PEOPLE SAY IT IS MIRACULOUS.

Wonderful, Certainly, But The Same Work Is Being Done Every Day By Paine's Celery Compound.

'Tis Folly to Spend Money for Medicines that Cannot Cure.

A well known politician and business man quite recently expressed his sentiments very strongly to a small circle of friends. He said: "Our laws should prohibit the sales of all medicine—liquids and pills—that are made to sell only for the benefit of the manufacturers. Thousands of our people are daily deceived; they seek for health by using these nostrums, and the result in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred is failure and loss of money. I have myself been deceived many times."

"For the benefit of sufferers and society generally, I am pleased to say that there is one grand medicine in our midst that all can rely on—one that is worthy of a place in every home where suffering exists—I refer to Paine's Celery Compound; it cured me, and I know of several others who owe their lives to its use."

Yes, reader, this Paine's Celery Compound is certainly a triumph of modern medical science. People often assert that it effects miraculous cures. We know the cures are wonderful and marvelous, and wrought frequently after other medicines failed to even give relief. What utter folly then to spend money for nostrums that cannot cure.

For the benefit of the sick and afflicted, we give the experience of Mr. G. J. McDonald, merchant tailor, Cornwall, Ont. Mr. McDonald writes as follows:

"After having given your Paine's Celery Compound a thorough testing, I am pleased to say a few words in its favor. For three years I suffered terribly from rheumatism. It seemed to me that I was forced to endure all the agonies and pains that a mortal could possibly experience from the dreadful disease. While suffering I tried many of the advertised medicines and also doctor's prescriptions; but never found a cure until I procured a supply of Paine's Celery Compound from MacFarlane & Elvidge, druggists, of this town. Paine's Celery Compound worked like a charm—it seemed to strike at the very root of my trouble. I am now cured; every pain is banished, and in every respect I am a new man. I shall always consider it a pleasure and duty to strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who are afflicted with rheumatism."



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## Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

D. HAMILTON—I will try and find out the publisher of the song you mention by next week. I am afraid your writing is too crude for delineation.

JOHN L. B.—Bright and energetic, independent and with some sense of humor, slight impatience, much perseverance, sympathy and tact, love of beauty, prudence, hope and general buoyancy are shown.

KENNELWORTH T.—This is the writing of a lady; refinement and self-respect are shown, care, honor and candor also some idealism, good strength of will, a wholesome self-reliance and generous feeling, with social instincts and much constancy.

TANDEM THOMAS AND R.—This specimen is not formed. It is the writing of an immature person and is not at all fit for delineation. I should think you had qualities which would render you capable of the occupation you describe.

J. S. R., Goderich—In your turn, my boy.

COAL-BLACK R.—You are energetic and constant, of some imagination, good ambition and rather an exacting disposition. You are inclined to idealism, are tenacious and a little quick-tempered. Your judgment is not infallible, but you are very honest and have a high sense of honor.

A. SPOKER AFTER LIGHT—You are of decidedly original character, given to diplomacy and rather disposed to affection; your temperament is hopeful and you have ambitions; caution and some tenacity of opinions are shown. A very bright mentally, some selfishness and a persistent and masterful will are yours.

DAISY BELL—You used to know me long ago, did you? Well, you might have told me who you are. Your writing shows much courage, practical sense, extreme truthfulness and a very reliable nature. You have ideals and like old ways and fashions. You are an admirably strong and straightforward person and if the change you speak of is not all for the better, you are not getting your deserts.

MAY BUG—You are another bright-minded being with a penchant for the opposite sex and a rather yielding and undecided temperament. You are variable in temper, tenacious and a little self-absorbed, with some caution and a little impatience. You are reasonable, impulsive, capable of much feeling, conservative and slightly open to suggestion. Do you see how seemingly contradictory you are? You are so in real life.

KOMUS—You are generous, persevering, honest and courageous, practical, independent, and rather prone to make the best of everything. You lack refinement and self-control. I should not fancy the clerical profession would suit you. You are systematic, orderly and a little inclined to think highly of your own attainments, but you have promise of good results if you are seriously earnest in your efforts for success.

MAUK—You have a marked energy and great talent for planning, with much ambition and a bright and buoyant temperament. I think you are rather attached to locality and accustomed to rely on yourself. You are bright in conversation and not at all deficient in ideas, have good reasoning powers and also quick sympathy and excellent perseverance. You have considerable facility, excellent judgment and should be a decided success.

LUCILLE DE LANG—This is the writing of a very clever and decidedly attractive woman, with many points of excellence and some strength and independence of character; a very good temper, a slightly wayward will, some idealism and imagination, a speculative mind, rather good self-esteem, tenacity and some social instincts are yours. I have made this delineation from the note accompanying your study, which was quite an unnecessary effort.

ROBERT THE DEVIL—A very upright and candid nature, not prodigal of sentiment or effort, very sweet and even in temper, sympathetic and with extremely good sense of justice and proportion, a will and mind strong and consistent, not any power of recovery, but a kind and amiable disposition, some care and decided order. Speaking of your writing, apart from a study, it would always command a valuation. You are very practical and constant in will and purpose. It is a study which takes



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a good deal of time to master. There is not a very decided mark of intuition, which is rather a necessity in the study under discussion.

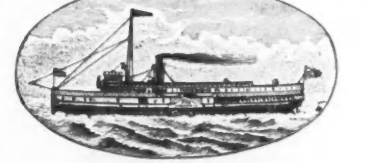
MARY E.—I do not think it inconsistent for a Christian to attend the theater. I hope a Christian would have sense enough to choose the sort of play which would do her good instead of harm. It is quite true that both kinds are played. 2. Your writing is very youthful and lacks decision and point. It is excellently honest and should belong to a true and sincere person. By the way, I see you say you've been an invalid for months; that accounts for the various slopes of your writing which I thought were signs of immaturity. You are prudent and given to hope rather than despondency. Some conservatism and rather a firm purpose are shown.

BRYN I. MAZONIA—I can scarcely believe that your writing is that of a girl of nineteen. I think it is rather funny for you to ask me to return your enclosure when you don't give me any address to which I may send it. Your writing shows immense individuality and bright mentality, impatience of formality, a great and soaring imagination, rather a vivacious manner, a prudent method. The impression given by your writing is most charming and I am sure you are a clever and capable woman; you have capacity for much reflection, and could enjoy rare and luxury. As to the question you ask, the very fact that you feel that you have outgrown your friend shows that you have lost the capability of a joying the old relations. Do not fret about it. You will doubtless outgrow many more such friendships before you meet your proper mate. Of course you seem to be older than your boy friend, for a girl of nineteen is more than equal to a man of twenty-five. There is a charming free-masonry about your hand, a happy-go-lucky adaptability which makes me fond of you and makes me glad you can call me "dearest graphologist." As to your experience, I think, as you say, that it stands confession well. I'd hate to tell all mine in the same way. Perhaps when you are as old as I am you won't either. The sentence is scarcely within my ruler, but I am sure the writer is well worthy your consideration and will develop into a fine specimen.

## California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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VOL. VII. TORONTO, JULY 28, 1894. [No. 36]

## "Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month.

## Camera Competition.

SOMETHING TO INTEREST TOURISTS.

WE have something here to interest tourists and kodak handlers in particular. Some very fine snapshots are taken in Muskoka, along the Georgian Bay, among the Thousand Islands and elsewhere. We have decided to open a competition and to offer four prizes as follows:

Best humorous snap-shot, 1st, \$5; 2nd, one year's subscription to "Saturday Night."  
Best bit of scenery, 1st, \$5; 2nd, one year's subscription to "Saturday Night."

Those who do not use a camera but who can play a pencil, pen or brush may compete if they choose and such work will be considered along with the rest. We shall regard anything sent in, whether winning a prize or not, as ours to publish if we desire, and we shall print a number of the pieces sent in if worthy. The competition will be open until August 18, but if suitable pieces are received we shall reproduce them before that date and make the awards afterwards. Snapshots taken at the Island and in and around the city are eligible for prizes. Tourists will require to send their home address, as well as their hotel address, and the date and place where the picture was taken must also be sent in.

## Henry VIII's First Divorce.

PETER BAYNE, in the London *Literary World*, briefly criticizes a book which has just been issued under the above name. It is by Mrs. Hope, author of *The Early Martyrs*, and is edited by Dr. Gasquet. On the death of Mrs. Hope, in 1887, the manuscripts of this volume were found among her effects and given to Dr. Gasquet for editing.

"Mrs. Hope is a clear and animated writer, and there is so much and so varied interest in the tale she recites that the book will find readers. It is, indeed, not easy to exhaust, even in imagination, the exciting themes of that wonderful sixteenth century—one of the most wonderful since the world began. Before its noon a new impulse of tremendous energy was communicated to Europe by Luther's revival of faith, and its evening saw modern philosophy born in Descartes' method of doubt. One and the same among its opulent years saw Calvin in his coffin and Shakespeare in his cradle. And the questions that men disputed on in England in the sixteenth century are subjects of debate, of hot debate, in England to-day. Mr. Froude, we presume, still holds out for the heroism, or something like heroism, of Henry VIII., and Mr. Froude's followers are likely to maintain his opinions—as partisans commonly do—more fiercely than himself. But we presume also, and with more confidence, that an immense majority of sensible people have made up their minds that Henry was a thoroughly execrable creature, one of those men who make it almost impossible to believe that there is a divine particle in every man. The difficulty in Henry's case is to find any sparkle of goodness to relieve the pervasive selfishness of his nature. Mrs. Hope, a Roman Catholic and a woman, does justice to Henry in the sense in which Macaulay did justice to Barrere, and we cannot say that we think her portrait too black. 'With the mingled blood of York and Lancaster that flowed in his veins, he had inherited the licentiousness, bloodthirstiness, and fierce passions of his Yorkist grandfather, together with the mean avarice, and cold, suspicious, despotic temper of his Lancastrian father.' Even his own father detected something incurably bad in him. One day, when old Harry was chastizing him, and a bishop pleaded on his behalf, 'Entreat not for him,' said his father, 'for this child will be the undoing of England.' His callousness and cruelty were phenomenal. 'In a season of great scarcity, some of his wagons laden with treasure were attacked and pillaged. Eighty of the robbers were captured and every one of them Henry pitilessly hanged.' Once, in the merry excitement of a May-day, the London mob of apprentices, watermen and roughs enlivened their sport by 'ill treating and pillaging some foreigners of whose favor at court they were jealous.' There seems to have been no positive cruelty in the sport, no blood having been shed. English mobs have, under no circumstances, been murderous. But Henry chose to consider the tumult a personal insult, and, having revived for the purpose a cruel old statute, 'hanged and quartered forty of the rioters.' Was to the man that trusted him and worked for him! Was to the woman that fell under the blasting influence of what he called his love! It is difficult to say whether it was to Katherine of Aragon or to Anne Boleyn that his conduct was the more inhuman.

"But there is a question brought up in this volume for re-discussion which is practically of

far greater moment than that relating to the character of Henry VIII. We refer to the adoption by Henry of the position of supreme head of the Church. Did it involve spiritual things, or was it confined to temporal things? Mrs. Hope devotes a whole chapter, headed 'The New Despotism,' to the handling of this question, and Dr. Gasquet occupies a large proportion of his editorial introduction with a criticism of that chapter. Dr. Gasquet strikes us as having less of the gift of perspicuity than Mrs. Hope, and we cannot pretend to be attuned to a lucid conception of the exact worth of his comment on her reasoning. As to the final issue, however, the two seem practically to agree. They hold that Henry affected a usurpation both of spiritual and of temporal jurisdiction, but they give a somewhat different account of the way and manner in which this was done. Was it by voluntary surrender on the part of the Church, represented by Convocation, or was it by frank application of royal force that the supremacy over the Church was transferred from Pope to king? That is the question. It was, we reply, by a mixture of fraud and force. The main point on which Dr. Gasquet controverts Mrs. Hope is in relation to Bishop Fisher. The bishop was irreconcilably opposed to a complete transference of powers from Pope to king. But his concern was about the spiritual power, and 'it was,' says Mrs. Hope, 'secretly conveyed' to him that the transference would be qualified by the clause 'as far as the law of Christ allows.' She adds that 'the simple peace-loving bishop was easily caught in the snare.' Dr. Gasquet speaks of the bishop as 'only at last yielding a reluctant consent.' The discrepancy is manifestly not essential. The important fact is that they both hold the reference to Christ to have been, on Henry's side, a trick. Had the clause which hounded Bishop Fisher been meant in the sense which Fisher at first assigned to it—had the rights of the king, as qualified by and secondary to the rights of Christ, been all that the clergy were asked to recognize—then no honest Papist or indeed Presbyterian would have been under any conscientious obligation to reject it. Henry, however, showed his hand. And then Bishop Fisher testified, by a death in fire, his regard for the law of Christ as paramount to the law of the king. It would be instructive and certainly interesting to know whether at this hour clergymen of the Church of England hold themselves bound to own the Royal Supremacy only 'as far as the law of Christ allows.' Even the Nonconformist conscience is not indifferent on this point."

## Up to MacShaughnessy's.

PROHIBITION UP TO DATE.

MACSHAUGHNESSY's friends turned out in great force for Saturday evening. After lighting pipes and discussing trade, the weather and the strike in Chicago, Mr. Tulliver, the hardware man, who is always worth listening to, said, "I see those temperance people have been having their summer outing to Montreal, spending other people's money and congratulating each other that they didn't drink, smoke or play cards. They received that old chestnut and will-o'-the-wisp Prohibition, after consigning the hotelkeepers and brewers to perdition and another place too hot to even think about this weather. The ladies kissed, embraced and cried over each other, while the gentlemen shook hands, blessed one another and parted for another year. Nobody is any better or wiser or richer except the railways and hotelmen who the delegates stayed. Now listen and I'll tell you what I saw and heard at a town down east, something in the way of practical, up-to-date, common sense temperance work; there was no gush or hugging each other or crying for the moon. To begin with, a year or two ago a lawyer found himself, like thousands of other good men, in bad shape. He could neither eat nor sleep; whisky had done its deadly work; death would have been a happy release; his brain was soaked with alcohol, his throat a fiery furnace; in fact, he was a first-rate subject for the asylum or the cemetery. Talk about moral suasion and prayer for a man in this shape! It's a disease. Our temperance friends call it a crime. The Government supply the jails and asylums, the undertaker and the grave-digger do the rest. But I'm getting away from the subject. The lawyer was sent by his friends to the Oakville sanitarium, where he was treated with the double chloride of gold treatment. When he returned home his friends didn't know him. The man that went away was practically dead, the gentleman that returned was a new man. He felt joyous and happy. His friends were delighted. Even the hotel men were glad to see the change, for even hotel men have souls, although some temperance cranks don't think so. Well, he began to look around for any poor fellow that was treading the same path that he had trod. Through his influence first one and then another was sent away, and each one returned to his home and friends and 'the new life.' The other evening there were nearly a score of young fellows present who had been redeemed and were not afraid or ashamed to say so. It did a fellow good to see the happy, smiling faces of wives, children and friends whose hearts were filled with gratitude to God and hope for men. Now, compare the good this little band will do with the dreamers that visited Montreal and prayed for prohibition, which is a political impossibility for the next hundred years."

"By Jove, Tulliver," said Dr. Godfrey, "you ought to go on the platform, you would be a second Gough. Speaking of J. B. Gough, what an awful life he had before he quit whisky. He had delirium tremens, and time and again he prayed for death. He got his wife to lock him up—there was no gold cure discovered in those days. Say, after hearing Tulliver, an idea strikes me. How would it be if the Ontario Government were to apply part of the revenue they derive from the sale of liquor to the establishment of inebriate sanitariums in different parts of Ontario? Instead of sending men to jail to sober up, use the sanitarium. In a year or two a large proportion of the money that is now spent in jails and asylums would be available for this purpose."

pose. There are lots of pretty places on the lake shores that could be had cheap. Science has revolutionized almost every department of life. The clouds are breaking and we may see the dawn of happier days, even for the wrecks of humanity caused by morphine, opium and whisky. God speed the day."

Everybody endorsed what Tulliver and the doctor had said and then sat down to a rubber at whist.

TOM SWALWELL.

## When I Am Queen.



WHEN I am Queen there will be great doings in Canada. Upon the accession of a certain king in olden times he issued a proclamation commanding all faithful subjects to return to their native land, and this is exactly what I should do. The ministry should then proceed to make agriculture, fishing and mining such advantageous pursuits that the laboring classes, finding they could not do as well elsewhere, would settle down at home and work and thrive and increase our population till Lord Dufferin's words should become literally true of us, "That from the Atlantic to the Pacific shall be found hospitality and a rude plenty." The Minister of Education should be instructed to instill a love of country through his curriculum, and Canadian history should be made the most interesting subject of study; pupils should be given half-holidays on the anniversaries of our battles and on the birthdays of our greatest men. Oh, there will be fine times for the children when I am Queen! And to the scattered few of Canada's literary sons I should say, "Now, gentlemen, are you not just a trifle ashamed of yourselves to go roaming abroad before you have exhausted the resources of your own country? Are you not Canadian born? What would English and Scotch literature be like to-day if George Eliot and Dickens and Scott and Black had not brought out national traits and laid their scenes at home? If it is diversity of scenery you want for your works, can you not find it in all this vast country? If our English-speaking population prove too tame for your requirements, why not try the French or Indians? If it is a yachting story you think of writing, will not the mighty St. Lawrence suffice, could you not sail from 'Island unto island upon its broad bosom? We would like a novel dealing with the half-breeds in the North-West—or if a summer idyl is your forte, what can be more suitable than the sleepy life of the habitant in Quebec?" And because he writes so beautifully I should address myself to one man in particular, and I should say to him, "Grant Allen, why do you not live among us? You who have described the Kaykyles so lovingly, could you not write us a story of those dark-skinned Maroons, who, leaving the tropical profusion of Jamaica, spent four unwinning years in Nova Scotia? What suffering must these poor fugitives have endured in their first experience of a bleak and ice-bound winter! Will you not do in prose for Nova Scotia what Longfellow has already done for it in verse?"

And to all these gentlemen I would say, "Come with me and see if we cannot find something at once interesting and yet representative of Canadian life," and so we would sail on and on up these back lakes of Ontario and see scenery than which there is none more picturesque, and we would talk with the odd characters who inhabit these lonely shores, and landing on an island I should introduce to these gentlemen The Landlord, an ex-Pinkerton detective, who when the twilight is scurried over Lake Lovelsick delights to gather his boarders on the broad veranda and to smoke and spin yarns of when he was on the force; hear his contemptuous disposal of Mexico because "It ain't got no treaty," and when a seedy-looking man crosses our vision hear the simple but comprehensive way in which our host sums him up (in an aside of course) "still drinker." And again we would go to old Port Stanley, where, if the familiar characters of one's childhood are not dead, we could find enough to interest us for quite two weeks. It would be winter now and we would go into the village store. The air of utter repose here precludes the idea of any vulgar interruptions in the way of customers, and sitting with his pipe in his mouth and his feet on the rusty box-stove would be an old sailor having his smoke and his grumble. "There's that Tom Fisher now, he ought to be well off, but he ain't got a cent. He came home in the fall well heeled, but every time he went up town it was nothing but treat, treat, till it made me sick. He'd say to the boys 'Come up, come up!' till his money just melted away, and I see 'Tom, don't you do

it; buy a gallon and bring it home and we'll put it on a chair atween us, and I'll get out my fiddle and Jim and Tilly Ann 'll get on their little pellers, and they'll dance and I'll play, and we'll drink and have a sociable time.' But no, there's no sense in that Tom—nothing but 'Come up, come up!' and now his money's all gone, and that's the way."

And then we would walk over to a tiny house built on the lake shore—it used to seem to me like an embodiment of the word Fact—this house with not even a fence around it standing high and dry on the sand. A military-looking woman would admit us and perhaps by way of courtesy one of these Canadian writers would say, "This is a fine view you have here." The hostess would pause in setting forth her "chancey," look the young man well over as much as to say, "Who ever cares about view?" and fire at him this bomb, "Sandy alle 'a good fer radishes." Having met her before I should not collapse like the others.

And for old sake's sake we would take a look at Erie Cottage and I should say, "Gentlemen, if it is a hero you are wanting for your Canadian novel, let me tell you of the former owner of this house, a man who through good and ill fortune has struggled bravely on and always kept a cheerful front, the kindest, truest friend, of whom it may truly be said that 'Thus he bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman.'"

And we would cross the creek and wander up the straggling village street till we came to a church formally known as Christ church, but dubbed by a graceless youth the Church Militant because such ructions were never seen before anywhere, and in the quiet graveyard we would find a little monument and read the inscription, "Erected to the memory of Johnny — by his uncle for being a good boy."

And now we shall return to the capital and on the first gala day Campbell shall be proclaimed "Poet-laureate of Canada," for has he not written the most powerful poem yet composed by any Canadian? And I should tell my traveling companions that in the old regime one of our countrymen had once written a story dealing with Canadian rural life, a tale so natural that every son of the soil felt its fidelity, and whether it was eloquent or not you may judge from this quotation descriptive of autumn in the country: "The shrill whistling, the cry of the coon in the cornfield, the hoot of the owl and the night-hawk, the husking bee, the dance in the barn, the stroll homeward, the question clumsily put, the answer honestly given, the vows which would have shamed Romeo, the kisses which would frighten Juliet, the lives of love and faith, the death surrounded by hope and the pure soul from which life and its vanities fall, as the tassel and husk fall from the corn—these are the glimpses the one great God sees of Nature's loves in Nature's home." But because it was the fashion in those days to deprecate literature that had not come from a distance, this little book with its farm talk and its exquisite passages went mourning all its days in poor type and worse paper, till since I have been Queen it has been well printed and bound and now sells for a dollar and a half. And the thought of this one-fifty would cheer my subjects so that they would unanimously decide to remain at home, using their best abilities in describing the various phases of our national life. They are to be given an annuity and comfortable homes, and I shall say to them as of old the angel spake to John on Patmos, "Write!"

And oh! everything will be lovely—when I am Queen!

MAUD MILLER.

## Wanted Another Star.

Some time ago a ship, while on a voyage, experienced some severe storms, and had her compasses damaged so that they were not reliable.

One night it was an Irish sailor's turn to be at the wheel and the captain pointed out a star for him to steer by and then left him.

Some of the other sailors standing near were arguing a point, which soon drew Pat's attention, and he got warm on the subject; but when he thought of his star he could not distinguish one from another. This was rather awkward, as the captain was rather strict; but Pat soon made a way out of the difficulty, as he called out:

"Sure and you must give me another star, captain, as we've passed tother one."—*Sunday Mercury.*

## Punishment for Both.

Blanche—Mamma, were you much of a flirt when you were young?

Mrs. Hicks—Yes, indeed.

"And were you ever punished for flirting?"

"Yes, my dear. I was married to your father as the result of a flirtation."—*Ec.*

## Why He Got the Flute.



Wool—How do you like your new flat?  
Van Pelt—All right, except that the man across the hall is learning to play the flute.  
Wool—You ought to get an accordion.  
Van Pelt—I did; that's why he got the flute.—*Judge.*

## The Pines.

For Saturday Night.

Hill Pines! ye stoles oft in haughty pride,  
Who thro' the long, long years have topp'd this hill;  
Who stand in all your dark green livery still  
As land marks known to all the country wide!  
O tell me ye! Perchance afar deserted  
Two hundred years ago by pioneer;  
But now his bones lie in the valley here;  
Ye, dumb, aged mourners, brood beside  
Malicious place, who brunt the widest gale  
With ease; who slowly rustle in carpets spread;  
Whose sweet aroma scents the hill and dale!  
Ah would ye speak of generations dead,  
Of love and war full many a thrilling tale  
Ye could unfold, old Pines so grim and dread!

W. T. ALLISON.

## Unrest.

For Saturday Night.

O wind of the summer eve,  
Faint with the scent of the rose;  
A trail but ruthless thing,  
For it breaks the buds as it goes;  
It breaks the buds and blights the bloom  
And scatters the scent of the rose.  
O wind of a summer tide  
That can never be mine again,  
Flicking the fragrant rose,  
Rending its beauty in twain,  
I would you could send my heart to-night  
And scatter its restless pain.

## An Irish Girl.

For Saturday Night.

Bright requish eyes 'neath curled eyelashes,  
Whence guileless mirth each moment flashes;  
Saucy sweetness in her face,  
With her country's careless grace;  
Eyes whose sparkle oft is lit  
By old Erin's native wit;  
Sweet face free from fear or care,  
'Neath a wealth of brown hair.  
She can make an old maid swoon  
Or a lamb in half an hour;  
She can make a sage sublime  
Or a fool in half that time;  
She can make a dandy take pains  
To find the remnant of his brains;  
She can make a singer sigh  
For his wife when she is by;  
Or when mischief is her care  
She can make a duncie swear,  
For, in short, a perfect pearl  
Is this pretty Irish girl.

RICHARD G. JORDAN.

## The Twentieth Century Woman.

She was once taught to cook; use the sewing machine;  
She ballads and touch the harp gently;  
At her club in the future, she'll find to be seen,  
Where she'll study the papers intently.  
And there in debate,  
She'll learnedly prate,  
Of philosophy, poetry, scenery,  
While her ignorant spouse  
Can look after the house,  
And the baby is reared by machinery.  
She busied herself with her household concerns,  
And sometimes (they say) with her neighbors;  
For the future such trivial matters she spurns,  
To seek more intellectual labors.  
She now talks Theosophy,  
Buddhist Philosophy;  
(Subj) she that don't interest all;  
But are highly desirable  
To the respectable  
Virginal, Virginité Vastal!

For man has oppressed her for years  
With tyranny almost inhuman;  
He has now had his day,  
And had better make way  
For the Twentieth Century Woman.  
—*Pall Mall Budget.*

## On a Bust of Dante.

See, from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Art shall remember long,  
How stern of frowns, how grim,  
The father was of Tuscan song;  
There but the burning sense of wrong,  
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;  
Small friendship for his lordly throng,  
Disdain of all the world beside.  
Faithful if this was image true,  
No dream his life was—but a fight!  
Could any Beatrice see  
A lover in that ashen brow?  
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cupid's arrows close,  
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient hope within,  
Declare a life whose course hath been  
Unfilled still, though still severe,  
Which, through the warring days of sin,  
Kept itself loyal and clear.

Nor wholly such his haggard look  
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,  
With no companion save his book,  
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;  
Where, as the Benedictine laid  
His palm upon the convent's guest,  
The single boon for which he prayed  
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.  
Peace dwells not here—this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose;  
The silent warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.  
Such was his mien when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine,  
When he peopled with his foes,  
Dread scourge of many a guilty line.  
War to the last he waged with all  
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;  
Bleed and duke, in hold and hall,  
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;  
He used Rome's bastion for his mirth;  
Pierced bare hypocrisy and crime;  
Not valiant souls of knightly worth  
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts rock our own,  
The only righteous judge art thou!  
That poor old exile, and alone,  
Is Lucretia's green leaves everywhere;  
Before his name the nation bow;  
His words are parcel of mankind,  
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,  
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

—Thomas William Parsons.

## She's Out of Town.

A week ago the Parks were fair  
With sun and green leaves everywhere;  
Now trees may yet as well be brown;  
Winter has stolen Spring's green gown,  
And waxes it with a freezing air!  
And you, most faithful and most fair,  
Who threw Hope's mantle on Despair,  
What ailed you to go out of town  
A week ago?

The sun went, in your golden hair,  
And lives a happy prisoner there.  
Ah, bring him back! you need no crown,  
Let Spring and youth be what they were  
A week ago!  
—*Pall Mall Budget.*



"A little comes ple Arcadia this time, dust and the bother and laund housekeep with sweet tation if I before, an experience heard, ma hips of ap pater. I h bed-room l window ar lawn. I w than the d whole stal dream bow rooms, for adverse inf moon arose lowering c winds, an cline of th outside the scended an home in Ar ning, and t by the rooti kings came was torn f monium ge the little ne and little r anticipative the kind sc and got me thought of a and conclud all together.

But morn by and by, the sun had bright and wanted have blund curious ph this summe leaved to in March, an ered brow, second grow into October side, like an hang the bro as queer as a do in Arcad greatly. It bed all day nothing but river, now c the cow-bell Indian camp voice as some other.

There was, summer hot for it began and old folk little creatu hair, skippe tight sailor a and dance! putting her his waist or did not ap They danced garding all t until the s manded by h go, which he They dance dance it very in all the p the blue and who are not then they do when it was ing, we drove in an Arcadi delicious moo cow pasture river, which mer of silver

Only three dear memory in the lean-to earth, and a silver n the mighty far-off roar dominating a I think one where civiliz soul. My ide a'airs; it is softened by wistaria and it, and there low, broad c nature's heart that will du winter is a di accept in dut side for me, a so wise as th sleep; it out!





"A little while in Arcady," as the poet says, comes pleasantly during the heated term. Arcadia was in one of its changeable moods this time, when I fled from the heat and the dust and the ding-dong of the trolley cars, and the bother of looking after ice and sustenance and laundrymen, and all the little cares of housekeeping. Arcadia pater welcomed me with sweet cordiality, and enquired with hesitation if I had ever stayed in a summer cottage before, and on my assuring him that the experience would be novel a small grunt was heard, maybe of satisfaction and again perhaps of apprehension on the part of Arcadia pater. I had such a cunning little nest of a bed-room in Arcadia, with one modestly veiled window and a door opening directly upon a lawn. I was, as I wished to be, a step lower than the daytime life of the Arcadians, and a whole stair lower than the altitude of their dream bowers. One cannot call them bedrooms, for one is in Arcadia! But there were adverse influences at work, and before the red moon arose Arcadia was hung over with lowering clouds and buffeted by insolent winds, and the mercury fell into a decline of thirty degrees, and banes howled outside the garden door, and the floods descended and beat upon that poor little summer home in Arcadia, and not content with floods, a plague of hail came also, and weird, lurid lightning, and the laden peach trees were torn up by the roots, and here and there great forest kings came crashing to their death, and limb was torn from limb, and there was pandemonium generally in Arcadia. And, alas for the little nest in the lean-to, it was very damp, and little trickles of rain came in and made me anticipatively sore and rheumatically. And all the kind souls in Arcadia bemoaned my fate and got me dry blankets, and all night long I thought of all the bad things I had ever done, and concluded I was getting punished for them all together.

But morning came, and things got dry, and by and by, half unwillingly, like a sulky child, the sun half smiled, and by noon Arcadia was bright and very cool, and the river showed unwonted whitecaps, and October seemed to have blundered into July. There is a curious phenomenon visible in Arcadia this summer. The oak trees budded and leafed too early after that hot fortnight in March, and these precocious leaves are withered brown, and there is a sweet pale green second growth on now, which will bring July into October, I fancy, in Arcadia. And side by side, like an old bridegroom and a young bride, hang the brown and the green leaves, and look as queer as can be. There was not anything to do in Arcadia, that was why I enjoyed it so greatly. It made no matter if one stayed in bed all day, there wasn't even a postman; nothing but the little summer cottage and the river, now calm and serene, and the tinkle of the cow-bells, and away off the tiny reek of an Indian camp-fire, and sometimes an echo of a voice as some strolling Arcadian greeted some other.

There was a dance one evening at the nearest summer hotel, and even that was Arcadian, for it began with a Sir Roger for little children, and old folks sat about and watched it. One little creature in red, with a mane of flaxen hair, skipped up to a very small boy in a very tight sailor suit and said decidedly, "Come on and dance!" suiting the action to the word by putting her arm around his waist, or where his waist ought to have been, though he did not appear to be endowed with one. They danced for hours, those two, disregarding all the proprieties in that connection, until the small girl was emphatically commanded by her mamma to let the little sailor go, which he did with an air of decided relief. They dance the two-step in Arcadia, and dance it very badly. There were aliens there, in all the pomp and panoply of war—rather in the blue and gray of the United States service, who are not included in the catalogue of those who did insult to the two-step. But then they don't belong to Arcadia. And then, when it was dangerously near Sunday morning, we drove back, children and grown folks, in an Arcadian wagon, in the silver floods of delicious moonlight, through groves and over cow pastures, and reached the shore of the river, which rushed majestically by in a glimmer of silver and white.

Only three days in Arcady, leaving a very dear memory and a longing for the little nest in the lean-to, that is sweetly close to mother earth, and a yearning for the golden mornings and silver nights, the sighing trees and the mighty tide of the river, and the far-off roar of the world's great cataract dominating all the lesser and paltrier noises. I think one can scarcely live best in the city, where civilization dwells and compresses one's soul. My ideal residence never has a flight of stairs: it is four-square, and its corners are softened by the wreaths of clematis and wistaria and Virginia creeper that hang about it, and there is a wide, wide veranda and a low, broad doorstep, and nothing between nature's heart and me. For summer, you say, that will do, but for winter what? Well, winter is a dispensation of Providence which I accept in dutiful resignation. It has no ideal side for me, and I think the best of us are not so wise as the canny old Bruin who quietly sleeps it out!

LADY GAY.

# THE NEW IXION.

A Bright and Entertaining Discussion of the Bicycle Question—The Wheel and its Place in Modern Life—Its Rights Asserted and its Limits Defined.  
By EZRA H. STAFFORD, D.D.

THE two men, as far as appearances went, might have had about the same standing in the scale of social importance. It was only from their conversation that one was able to gather that they were separated from each other by a great gulf.

Though this was much to the disadvantage of the one with the black curly head of hair, I noticed that he held his head, nevertheless, quite as high as the other, who had thin, straight hair of a blameless straw color. Possibly he would have turned out a very proud man had he had a chance.

The latter, I found, was a proprietor, while the curly one, though equally deserving, was under the necessity of working for wages. In spite of this grave worldly disparity, their kindred tastes formed a bond of union between them. They had both enjoyed about the same intellectual advantages and were engaged in the same business. They were butchers.

I think they must have been very fond of horses, for I heard them speak of very little else; and the curly one seemed not a little irritated that these cyclists, who have grown so common a sight now on all the streets but the block-paved ones, should be able to outstrip with such apparent ease the honest horse pace of their favorite. Indeed, he used many unkind expressions of cyclists as a class, and I could see by that that his political instincts were low and common.

The other spoke with less personal animus and dwelt more particularly upon the chances of the average cyclist being brought to a violent end before he had got the value of his wheel well ridden out of it. He caught the pathos of the thing too, and spoke jubilantly of trolley cars and sudden corners; warning to the subject he went on to speak darkly of the impaired constitution and demoralized nervous system, which, like Black Care, must inevitably ride close behind the persevering cyclist.

On the whole they both seemed to disapprove of these uncouth riders, who roll by in exasperating silence; but the curly one took the standpoint of personal affront, while the straw-haired one dissembled a false sympathy for the friends and relatives of the remains, whether the cyclist were brought to the unlucky condition of being a remains by sudden accident or insidious disease. They presently went on to consider the chances of making a comfortable competency by keeping a fast horse to win purses at country fair races, and lost themselves in a question of "classes."

Into the latter discussion I have not the data to enter now, but of the cyclists' place in civilization, one word.

All inventions are at first but the toys of some hare-brained fellow, whom industrious communities sometimes tolerate, and as often as not ostracize into the suburban districts of lunacy at large. The more suddenly such toys enter into the work-a-day life of a people, the more necessary it is that they should as soon as possible be adjusted as a definite part of that life and given the privileges and the restrictions which seem necessary.

Like the sewing-machine and the type-writer, the bicycle is about to work a revolution in the domestic routine of people. This refers particularly to Toronto, where the circumstances are so favorable to its introduction. By the close of the century its use will possibly be as universal as that of the sewing-machine or type-writer mentioned. It is at this point that it ceases to belong to the province of Sport and becomes a sober possession of every day life. It is at this point that one first looks upon it with a purely utilitarian interest.

From the ethical standpoint, I hardly think there can be any point more substantial than prejudice urged against either Age or Beauty enjoying this modern convenience. When the bicycle was the possession of the sporting man there may have appeared from the mere force of association something incongruous in the spectacle of a fatherly old gentleman pedaling down to business in the morning, or a young girl whirling away to her music lesson in the afternoon. But these are shocks of association from which the mind is being speedily freed. There is no earthly reason why both married women and maidens, in robust health, should not enjoy this wholesome exercise and profit by its manifold convenience.

As for costume, Age bears hardly with suggestions. But with Beauty this is an important point. At present the fair sex have not apparently discerned any essential difference between riding a horse and a bicycle. There are, however, some points of dissimilarity. A long trailing skirt is picturesque and comfortable on horseback, but for cycling purposes it is a nuisance, both absurd and dangerous. It becomes dreadfully dirty and catches in even the simple machinery of the wheel.

Far be it from me to suggest anything from the Ottoman Empire or the pamphlets of dress reform. In the innocently savage crudeness of my mind upon such a delicate subject, it has seemed to me that a return a little way towards childhood would be about the thing. In Winnipeg in the olden days towards the close of the seventies and early eighties it used to be appallingly muddy, and the young bloods wore Wellington boots. Trains were in fashion in the East then, but in Winnipeg the maidens had to do what I have proposed for the lady cyclist. My suggestion of a short skirt is thus not an original one, and I should advise, by way of mental calisthenics, any July bathing beach to those who cannot bring themselves to this.

The Sabbatarian has suggested another question of ethics. One should school his mind as soon as possible to the idea of riding himself and of seeing other people ride the bicycle upon the Sabbath. Some have tried to apply the anti-Sunday car brake to the bicycle too. Granting with alacrity that Sunday cars are contrary to all laws, human and divine, and repugnant even to nature herself; and regarding with horror, as I do, the few abject fiends in human shape who say all this isn't so, the thought not only strikes me still, but keeps on striking me, that Sunday cars are one thing and

Sunday bicycles another. There is no question but it is as fitting to ride a wheel as a horse on the seventh day from necessity, and for mere pleasure and amusement no worse a sin on the same day to go for a ride than to go for a walk.

The only other ethical question which suggests itself to my mind here is not to steal a bicycle when one has made up his mind to get one. It would not only be inconvenient to the person who used to own it, but one wouldn't enjoy riding it himself as much as if he had paid for it. He would be in constant dread, as it were. But this is a minor consideration.

As for the gloomy hints of my butcher friend regarding the chance of accident and the effect upon the health of the cyclist, there is something to be said.

In cycling for mere pleasure there is more exhilaration and nervous excitement than in walking. This is not a wholesome nervous excitement if carried too far, and there is danger of doing this. Only a few muscles are exercised and they are developed at the expense of the rest. A walk is perhaps a more refined exercise, taken simply as exercise, and leaves the person refreshed.

A ride on a bicycle is a more riotous pleasure and leaves the person a little strained. A walk will rest a tired brain. Cycling is not a meditative exercise at all. There is no poetry in it. The nervous system is too much on the stretch. It keeps the rider constantly on the qui vive. This excitement makes some young



riders so intoxicated with the lust for glory that they run into fences and dogs and things, under a weird hallucination that the entire world is looking at them.

A person in feeble health would hardly act wisely in taking up cycling to restore himself to vigor. Similarly boys and girls before they have attained their growth would do well to exercise great moderation in its use.

The custom of screwing the handle-bar very low down and raising the seat as high up as it will go is a stupid one borrowed from the sporting traditions of the race-ring. It causes the rider to get his head down as if he were about to take a header in front. In the meantime his back is hunched up in a manner so grotesque as to suggest the advisability of killing him at once to put him out of his misery.

In a varied experience, since 1876, of almost every sort of wheel, from the rickety bone-shaker of wood to the modern safety of steel, I have never found this hunch-back business either necessary or comfortable. It comes, as far as I can see, from a tendency upon the part of young cyclists to pattern themselves upon the champions and wheeling notabilities so copiously represented to the public in bill-board lithographs. To copy the spectacular pose of these worthies when at rest and in the act of getting their pictures taken, is probably pretty nearly as good as reaching their rate of speed. On the whole the pictorial part of it reminds one of the Spanish Inquisition rack.

Long-distance riding by high-strung and ambitious youths should be discontinued by society. There is no practical good to be gained by either a time or distance record. A hundred miles in a day is about as sensible a thing to brag of as smoking a box of cigars in an hour, or eating four dozen hard-boiled eggs in ten minutes. Like the cigars and eggs, the bravado of a hundred miles means only a stupid risking of the health.

I hardly think that young riders ought to belong to bicycle clubs, where they meet men much superior to them in strength, nor to clubs in the interior of Heligoland. When I was travelling there in the year 1841 I noticed that the cheerful game of seven-up and milder alcoholic liquids had as much to do with the club as the bicycling had, and the ill-advised sense of emulation in a young man is very likely to get him pretty well mixed up between the three attractions. As the reader has perceived, nearly all the complaints that can be raised against cycling have to do with the purely sporting sentiment, the earmarks of which still hang inconveniently about the pastime. When its emancipation from the traditions of the club-house is complete, the prejudices which a few still feel against it will disappear.

The cyclist has certain rights. He is not an interloper upon the public streets. He pays taxes and stands on an equality with any vehicle there. That bicyclists have occasionally abused their privileges cannot be denied. They have ridden down pedestrians sometimes. These cases have been as often due to bad riding and inexperience as to carelessness. Absolute control of the wheel comes only after a season or two, while probably half a lifetime is necessary before others will learn caution. I half suspect the cyclist is a nuisance!

There is an affection among some riders of doing without a bell. These generally pose as veteran cyclists. They swoop noiselessly by a person at the street crossing, to the intense surprise (and the cyclist thinks awed admira-

## An Inexorable Youth.



Polly Green—What's the flutter now? Jack Farrott (who has just been brought in)—Flutter! Why that confounded kid has been using my cage for a baseball mask.

Polly Green (tearfully)—What's a cage to personal beauty? He just plucked out all my tail feathers to play Injuns with.

tion) of the person. There is a certain amount of *ecstas* in this trick that was much greater when bicycles were less familiar, an *ecstas* that a bell would spoil.

At the same time a vehicle which makes no noise, which cannot turn sharply or stop suddenly, which is hard for drivers and foot-passengers to see, and whose rate of speed is double that of a fast horse, should not be allowed to thread the populous streets of this or any other city without a bell of loud tone on the handle-bar. If the sleigh must give warning, how much more the bicycle. A bell to be rung at the rider's option is better than none, but one that rang constantly while the wheel was in motion would be best, at least on such streets as King and Yonge.

After dark a lantern should be carried as well as a bell. Then especially the risk to the wheel itself, taken as mere property, is very great. Besides this, the life of the cyclist is often worth as much as his wheel. In Chicago failure in the matter of either bell or light means arrest (or an attempt at it), and I ought to know, for I was chased all around Washington Park one evening by a Park policeman at the imminent risk of the policeman's life, who had a way of driving over iron benches, and ended in a small watery place called The Mere.

This first called my attention to the importance of carrying a lantern, for that honest man, if he had had one himself, would have avoided all those awkward mishaps.

In Rochester every rider of a bicycle has to register at the City Hall, where he pays a petty fee of twenty-five or thirty cents. A metal number is then fastened to his handle-bar. For that number he is responsible. To ride without it means arrest, and with it privileges can be granted which would otherwise be out of the question.

These three things are all as much in the wheelman's interest as the people's. It is odd that Toronto, which, in all seriousness, is a pattern to many neighboring cities in as many respects, should still linger in a dismal stone age of helplessness in her treatment of this rapidly growing class of the community.

Vehicles should be forced to drive on the right-hand side of the road. I am aware that this is usage. It should be law. I have noticed hundreds of delivery wagons where the driver is so boxed up that he can see to neither right nor left, whipping his horses on a wild zig-zag course, to and fro about the streets, booming into narrow ways and dashing out upon King and Yonge streets again with nearly the speed and all the irresponsibility of a cannon ball. I have entertained a sinister hope that I should some day see one of these fellows whack up against a trolley car and learn reason, but they don't seem to. I don't know why. It may be Providence. For my own part I shall never rest easy until they mature with the calmness which comes only with middle age. It's a long time to wait, and that's why I should like to see them kept on the right side of the road.

As things are I should not, if I were the president of a life insurance company, insure the lives of cyclists at the usual rates. But it is to be hoped that before the insurance companies start their gigantic and slow machinery to work in this direction things will cease to be altogether as chaotic as they are.

## An Embarrassing Situation.

A wealthy manufacturer of Sheffield, Matthews by name, though he was not a literary man, adored literature. One night, Mr. Matthews invited Theophile Gautier to dine with a party of choice spirits. One of these, J.C. Jeaffreson, arrived at the specified hour, seven o'clock. The head waiter at once met him with an effusive welcome. "Oh, sir," he cried, "I'm glad to see you, and only wish you'd come an hour and a half sooner. The illustrious Moosoo Goaty has been here for nigh upon two hours. He came at ten minutes to five and he and Mr. Matthews have been in a pretty fix. Mr. Matthews speaks no French, the illustrious Moosoo Goaty don't speak English, and there isn't a soul in the hotel capable of acting as interpreter." "Talk to the illustrious Goaty!" ejaculated Mr. Matthews, when his friend entered, mopping and fanning his face with a big silk handkerchief: "don't pay any attention to me," he added; "I shall soon be better, now you have come. Please explain to him that if I had known it was the fashion of illustrious Frenchmen to arrive two hours before dinner, I would have asked the others to be here by half-past four. Go at him quick and sharp, in the language of his country! Tell him I admire his country and honor him, and though I shan't be able to read a line of 'em, I mean to buy all his works. And now I'll be mum. What a blessing it is you've come at last!" A short conversation with the "illustrious Goaty" disclosed the fact that he had, in some way, mistaken the dinner hour for five, and the amusing error led to an unrestrained and animated evening. The conversation was entirely in French, and the host sat beaming at his guests throughout the dinner, and only spoke in answer to the sympath-

izing request of one gentleman that he should be included in the conversation by continuing it in English. "No, no, sir; not a word of English so long as the illustrious Moosoo Goaty honors me with his company!" he cried. "I shall be silent, but I shan't be dull; I shall sit here thinking how I have brought about me some of the brightest spirits of the age. Not a word of English, if you please!"

## A Very Sudden Drop.

"I see," said the grocer thoughtlessly, for he had forgotten that the man with the ginger beard was sitting behind the stove. "I see that the temperature dropped twenty degrees in fifteen minutes down in Texas the other day."

"I don't call that nothing," said the man with the ginger beard. "I remember when they was a party of us campin' up in the Black Hills that the temperature dropped so sudden that one of the mules in the outfit, which was in the act of kickin', was caught and froze that way, an' stood with his heels in the air two days. We had a thermometer along, but the cursed thing went back on us, so I can't exactly say jist how much of a drop it wuz."

"Oh, yes," said the schoolteacher, "it is a well known fact that at a temperature of about forty degrees below zero the mercury freezes and hence cannot register."

"That wasn't it at all, young man," said the man with the ginger beard, with fine scorn. "The durn mercury dropped so quick that the friction made it red hot and busted the glass."

The man from Potato Creek began to snicker, but the man with the ginger beard stopped his mirth with a stony stare.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## The Polite Constable.

Elderly Gent—Are there any snowdrops hereabouts?

Constable—Oh! yes; close by, near that clump of trees. (A few minutes later)—Well, have you found any?

"Yes, quite a nice little bunch."

"Indeed? Then you'll please walk with me to the station. You're not allowed to pluck any in the park."

"But you showed me the spot yourself!"

"Well, of course, we have to be polite, you know!"—*Deutsche Warte.*

## The Professor's Delight.

The Herr Professor has prophesied bad weather, and, sure enough, it begins to rain about the time he said it would. He takes his hat and goes for a stroll in the park during the pelting shower, chuckling with delight and muttering to himself: "It is a real luxury to walk about in a shower of rain that you have prophesied yourself!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

## Mangle's Forte.

"What did Mangle receive that medal for that he now wears?"

"He has run over more people than any man in our bicycle club."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## The Wretch.

"Are we all here?" enquired Mr. Brutal Jones of his landlady the other morning at the breakfast table.

"I think so—one, two, three, four; yes, we are all here, I believe," and she smiled sweetly; "why?"

"Nothing much; only I see by the morning paper that a human skeleton was picked up just outside the city limits."

The smile vanished.—*Merchant Traveler.*

## He Had no Particulars.

Smith—Robinson was looking for you to-day, Brown. He leaves for the West to-morrow morning, and he wanted to collect that twenty-five dollars you owe him.

Brown—Yes, I saw him a little while ago. I promised to forward him the money next week.

Smith—In what part of the West does he expect to settle?

Brown—I don't know. I didn't ask him.—*Life.*

## She Knew.

"Yes," said the parson at tea-time, "young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjay the other evening, and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out, and the buggy was smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control of his horse."

"He must have been driving with one hand," flippantly suggested the minister's eldest son—a wild rake of a boy. "Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of sixteen, with a charming mien.

And then everybody exclaimed in chorus: "Why, Edith!"—*Cambridge Chronicle.*



## Short Stories Retold.

It is said that Lord Campbell was often overbearing and irritable. A lawyer who had long struggled against the chief justice's criticisms finally folded up his brief and remarked: "I will retire, my lord, and no longer trespass on your lordship's impatience."

Apocryphal of the fact that those who "came over in the Mayflower" mostly bore such surnames as Winthrop, Haythrop, Lothrop and Lathrop, the *Cornhill Magazine* tells of a New York paragon who loudly proclaimed to a Plymouth Winthrop: "My people came over in the Mayflower." "Indeed!" was the crushing answer, "I didn't know the Mayflower took steerage passengers."

During the rehearsals of *Romeo and Juliet* at the London Lyceum, Mrs. Stirling, who is the most venerable of actresses, took occasion to remark that the nurse was not necessarily old, that she should be represented as middle-aged, etc., and she appealed to Mr. Irving. "My dear Mrs. Stirling," said the manager with delicate satire, "you may make the nurse just as youthful as you can."

Nat Goodwin, the comedian, who is now in London, visits that country nearly every summer and invariably meets Sir Augustus Harris, who gives him a pump-handle hand-shake and then forgets him. A few nights ago Goodwin and Harris were in the same room, and someone led Harris up to Goodwin with the remark: "You've been introduced to Sir Augustus Harris, haven't you, Nat?" "Yes," Goodwin replied, "annually, for the last seven years." Then he turned away and went on talking with someone else.

A returned "contraband" was once entertaining an audience in Dedham, Mass., with an account of a furious skirmish between "the blue and the gray" on the banks of the Potomac. "But," said a severe critic of his highly colored narrative, a man who had not been to the war himself, "where were you when the battle was raging?" "Oh, I was back among the baggage." "But how far were you from the bullets and cannon-balls?" persisted the stay-at-home. "Well," was the reply, "not so far as Dedham!"

The Kansas City *Mail* tells a story of a congressman who, having submitted himself to the manipulation of a venerable colored barber in Washington, was told: "Do you know, sah, you remind me so much of Dan'l Webster?" "Indeed," he said, "shape of my head, I suppose!" This staggered the aged colored man somewhat. He had not expected a question in reply, and had merely laid the foundation for his complimentary bluff, never thinking that there would be a call for an explanatory superstructure. "No, sah," he stammered in reply, "not yo' head, sah; it's yo' breff."

The death of Lord Coleridge recalls the magnificent banquet given to his lordship by Emory A. Storrs, in Chicago, some years ago. Just before the supper was served, constables appeared and levied upon the table, floral decorations, etc., and the festivities did not proceed until several opulent friends present volunteered security for the debt for which these heroic measures were taken. Storrs was not at all perturbed by the proceeding. As soon as the constables had departed, he turned to his embarrassed guest and remarked, "Your lordship, pardon this interruption—this blasphemous interference with the lord's supper!"

Eugene Sue once took his seat in the French Chamber of Deputies by the side of Victor Hugo, and, while they were chatting together, a bill of some kind was being discussed. When the measure was put to the vote, the poet, to Sue's great surprise, rose from his seat and voted. "Did you hear what the speaker said?" asked Sue. "Not a single syllable of it," was the reply. "Then how can you possibly vote?" "Oh, that's easy enough. Do you see that little gentleman with spectacles, facing you?" "Yes," "Well, it's he who virtually tells me which way to vote. As we are invariably of a different opinion, I remain seated if he gets up, and when he remains seated I get up. He listens for both of us."

The last time Bart Scott was in Washington he told a good story about a member of the Wisconsin legislature. The old man was elected to the state senate from one of the lumber counties and was proud of the honor. When the legislature met in Madison, Senator Blank was daily in his seat before the time for calling the senate to order and spread the *Madison Journal* before him to read the news of the day. One morning, after the chaplain's prayer, while the clerk of the senate was reading the journal of the proceedings of the previous day, a gentleman arose and said, "Mr. President, I move to dispense with the reading of the journal." Senator Blank quietly folded his *Madison Journal*, arose and said, "Mr. President, I move also to dispense with the reading of the *Times*, the *Inter-Ocean* and all other papers. There should be no distinction against the *Journal*."

Senator Joe Blackburn was, some years ago, traveling alone through Indian Territory in a not very thickly populated section, and, although he started with a generous quantity of liquor, the supply, with the exception of a single quart flask, became exhausted. While in this condition he met a Cherokee Indian, who asked him to extend the usual courtesies to a fellow traveler. The courtesies were promptly extended, and, as the brand was the finest Kentucky, the senator was hardly surprised when the Indian, who was mounted on a beautiful horse, eagerly offered him five dollars for the remainder of his bottle. The offer was declined, whereupon the Indian offered his bride, and finally his horse, but all without avail. "Did you ever hear of a thirt like that?" the senator enquired of the friend to whom he told the story. "Why didn't you take the offer?" was asked. "Great heavens, man!" exclaimed Blackburn, "it was the last bottle I had on earth!"

"Dick Dasher," of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, has a contemptible opinion of Western whisky, and gives reason for his aversion. It was at Leadville that a tenderfoot once came in and

## Retributive Justice.



Flowery Fields—I may not look it, boss, but I'm a foreign nobleman. Farmer Brown—Waal, by gosh! You can have what you want. I'm glad to see them blame nobility gittin' down where they belong.

asked for whisky. He was passed a bottle and a glass. Then, to his surprise, the bartender placed a small whisk broom by the side of the bottle. Of course he was puzzled, but he poured out his drink and drank it slowly, unwilling to profess ignorance in the ways of the wild West, and thinking that some person might come to his rescue. The door opened, and he saw the man who saved him. A big, burly fellow, bristling with revolvers and bowie knives, stepped in the door and, going up to the bar, ordered whisky in a voice that seemed to come from somewhere below the cellar. A bottle and a glass were passed to him, and, as before, a whisk broom was added to the lay-out. The tenderfoot watched the man carefully. He poured out a good-sized glassful, then, after gulping it down, quietly picked up the whisk broom and, going over to a corner of the room, brushed away the sand from a portion of the floor. He then lay down and had a fit.

## New Books and Magazines.

Songs and Miscellaneous Poems by John Imrie of Toronto, has just reached its third edition, and the author enjoys the novel sensation of feeling that in the past the demand for his poems has exceeded the supply. As a rule, in Canada, the person who ventures to publish a volume of verse is endowed with a sanguine temperament and prints a large edition, only to find that the bulk of the books lie on his hands unsold. Mr. Imrie, however, is not only to be congratulated in the fact that his verse was so good that his first edition sold out, but is to be praised for his modesty which prevented him from losing his head and printing an enormous second edition. And now he has found it necessary to bring out a third edition. We wish him well. In his book there are many simple, sweet and touching pieces that appeal direct to one's inner self.

The current number of the *Canadian Magazine* is a most creditable and satisfactory one, and we are pleased to be informed by its management that this Canadian monthly is becoming very popular with the cultured and reading people not only in the cities but in the towns and villages of the province. A magazine cannot exist without the support of the thinking people everywhere.

Adeine Gray, a Tale, by Hampden Burnham, author of *Canadians in the Imperial Service*, has just reached our table. As we have not had time to read the neat little volume—which however we welcome as a contribution to the rather scant supply of homemade fiction—we shall withhold further comment until another issue.

Toronto and Adjacent Summer Resorts, an illustrated souvenir and guide book, edited by E. Herbert Adams, and published by Frederick Smyly, has just been issued. Pictures are given of a hundred pretty places in and around Toronto and up in Muskoka. The work is one of great neatness and taste.

The *New Science Monthly*, number one of volume one, has reached us. It is published in Boston and promises to take rank with the best of those solid monthlies that discuss solid problems.

## An Economical Wife.

Mrs. D— of Vienna was a very careful sort of person. Shortly after Christmas she met Mrs. S—, who asked her what present she had given her husband. Mrs. D— replied: "You see, I find it very difficult to save

anything from my housekeeping allowance these hard times, and I had to set my wits to work. My husband, as you are aware, is an inveterate smoker and very fond of a good cigar. Every evening during the last three months I have taken a cigar out of his case and stowed it away in a box. On Christmas Eve I presented it to him as a surprise, and you should have seen how delighted he was."—*Provincial Presse*.

## Much in Little.

The fat girl in her bathing suit  
Along the seashore flattered;  
The world politely turned its head, and  
"Mutton in parer" muttered.

## They Mistook Each Other.

A good joke on James Brett Stokes is going the rounds of the clubs. Mr. Stokes was invited to a party at the private insane asylum in San Mateo, and according to his wont selected the prettiest girl in the room as his partner, and kept up a very animated conversation with her. In the course of the evening he said to the doctor, "Do you know that girl in the white dress with blue spots is a very curious case? I've been talking to her, and I cannot for the life and soul of me discover in what direction her mental malady lies. Of course I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd look of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly. I asked her if she did not think she was Mrs. Cleveland or whether she had been robbed of a large fortune, or flattered by the Prince of Wales, and in various ways tried to find out the cause of her lunacy. But I couldn't. She was too artful."

"Very likely," answered the doctor; "you see, she is not a patient; she is one of the housemaids."

Meanwhile the pretty housemaid went to her fellow servants and said: "Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me—a fine man and bronzed, but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't Mrs. Cleveland, if I hadn't been robbed of a large fortune, and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me. He is mad. What a pity, and such a fine young man."—*Ec.*

## Oddities in Etiquette.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or a restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady—even his wife—his arm while out walking is looked upon as a violation of propriety.

No Turk will ever enter a sitting room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting shoes with goshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their hats or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel upon while praying.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him, according to relative rank.

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The left and not the right is considered the position of honor.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading-room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as impolite. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

## A Matter of Principle

"I don't understand your politics," said an uptown policeman to another. "Now, suppose you give me a straightforward answer to one question."

"I will."  
"Are you in favor of protection?"  
"In favor of protection? I am—if we get paid for it."—*Exchange*.

Guest—Will you not give me a kiss, beautiful creature?  
Walter girl—Not much do I give you any kiss.  
Guest (resignedly)—Well, then, you might as well bring me a portion of Schweitzer cheese and a glass of back beer.

Young housekeeper—Have you a small hand-bellows for blowing the fire?  
Dealer—Something like that, madam?  
Young housekeeper—Yes, that will do. If you will fill it with wind and put a cork in the end, I will take it with me.

First detective—Have you succeeded in locating your suspected anarchist?  
Second detective—Yes; I have him dead to rights so far as the house is concerned. But, you see, he is a Mormon, and I don't know exactly which bed he is under.

Bilkina, who has been dining at the club, returns home at three A.M.  
Slumberous voice (from the pillow)—Is that you, Robert, dear?  
Bilkina (overtaken, but logical)—Of co—course it is, my love. We—we—were you expecting any one else?

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# A Honeymoon Deferred.

HOW AN AMBITIOUS MAMMA SURPRISED HER SON-IN-LAW.

It was a Friday in May, a particularly gay and animated day in Pera, the European quarter of Constantinople. Merchants and clerks were grouped about in front of the bazars, evidently expecting some unusual event. Carriages in which sat Turkish ladies, with fine, white gauze veils and enveloped in brilliant-hued stuffs, were drawn up before the famous shop, "A Pygmalion." The ladies, having noticed the unusual commotion, had enquired its cause, and, being informed that the bridal party of the Auverdy sisters was soon to pass and knowing the two brides' reputation for beauty, had ordered their eunuchs to draw up their carriages at one side and had waited with the others.

Presently a movement in the crowd announced the approach of the carriages. In the first were the two sisters. One of them, a blonde with dark eyes, fine features, and slightly sensual lips, bore a name pregnant with promise, the name of a dancer, a queen almost—Lola; the other was called Mera, and had great blue-grey eyes and bronze hair with glints of burnished gold in it. She looked at the crowd with the calmness that comes of a pure conscience and a simple heart, while her blonde sister half-closed her eyes and sought to conceal the agitation of her soul. Both wore the same robes of white brocade embroidered with silver. Lace veils half concealed their crowns of orange blossoms.

"How pretty they are!" murmured the crowd. "It is the blonde who is to be the Countess Spartero. The other will be simply the wife of the merchant, Lavan."

In the second carriage rode the two grooms. Count Spartero was easily to be recognized by his tall stature, his arrogant air, which had its origin, not in personal merit, but in his position and his historical name. He looked at the crowd with a cold, disdainful, indifferent air, while his future brother-in-law, Lavan, a grain merchant who owned mills on the Asian side, near Lake Apollonia, had a gentle and calm face and he looked among the crowd, bowing now and then to some friend or employee, as if he wished to share his happiness with everybody in Pera, great and small, rich and poor.

The third carriage contained but a single person, a young fellow—the Vicomte de Deuvres—entered one of the most popular salons among the many fine villas along the bank of the river at Boyouk-Dere, a country place to which the Perotes escape in the heated term. "I bear great news," he said, after the usual salutations. "Countess Lola Spartero has come back."

"With her husband or with her mother?" the ladies asked, with the liveliest curiosity. "With both," the viscount replied. "But her husband has put up at the Hotel de l'Univers, and the bride is with her mother at Mme. Auverdy's house."

"Well!" exclaimed his fair interlocutors. "Well—nothing more is known," replied the diplomatic viscount.

"Has the dowager-duchess given her consent?"

"We shall know later. Meanwhile, if you wish to see her—behold, her calque is just reaching the quay."

The ladies, forgetting all decorum, hurried to the peristyle, with which all semi-oriental houses are ornamented, and saw Lola, pretty and elegant as ever and possessed now of a certain assurance of the married woman, disembark from her calque, accompanied by her mother, the latter superb and imperious as ever.

"The mauve and ecru of the countess's gown make a charming combination," the ladies declared.

"She still has the same fine eyes and the same enigmatic smile," added the young diplomats, more appreciative of the lady's beauty than of its envelope, made of the rarest laces though it was.

Mme. Auverdy advanced with majestic tread, fixing with her eye those whom she met and forcing them to salute her. She knew her world, and she was aware that many families had loudly declared their firm intention of not recognizing Lola, who was no longer Mlle. Auverdy and had not yet been formally presented as Countess Spartero. Lola, trusting in her mother's energy, walked beside her; she knew she was beautiful, and that superiority is a great consolation for the woman whom the world declines to receive.

In the evening, all the young fellows in the town went to dine at the Hotel de l'Univers, but the two ladies were not to be seen. They dined in their own apartment, and the hopes of the curious were shattered.

The last boat from Constantinople brought Count Spartero, who hastened ashore, jostled his way through the crowd, and, reaching the hotel, burst unannounced into the presence of his wife and mother-in-law.

"Madame," he said, addressing himself to Lola, "if you do not come with me instantly, I shall leave here to-morrow and you will never see me again."

"Have you your mother's consent?" Mme. Auverdy demanded with an imposing air.

"Never mind; I want my wife!" cried the

The vestibule was filled with people waiting for the exit of the young couples. Mera and Lavan were installed in the first carriage, and they were driven away in the midst of a sympathetic murmur.

It was now the turn of Lola and the count to enter their carriage. Just at that moment the superb mother-in-law started forward so suddenly that the train of her gown caught on the spur of a bey *en grande tenue*; the lace was torn, but the stouter material dragged the unfortunate officer in her wake. This little incident, however, was not noticed in the excitement of the moment.

Mme. Auverdy placed herself between her son-in-law, Count Spartero, and Lola, and made the latter get into the carriage. Then, with an imperious gesture, she waved the stupefied master of ceremonies aside and seated herself beside her daughter before the count had time to make a move.

"My dear count," she said, when she was safely ensconced in the position she had so adroitly gained, "get into my carriage. Drive to the railway station or to the Varna boat, as you prefer. Go to Madrid, and do not come back to us without the consent of your mother, the dowager-countess, as well as that of your father, the duke. Otherwise my daughter shall remain Countess Spartero, but she shall never be yours. *Adieu*—and a pleasant journey."

The horses started off and left the furious count in the midst of the guests, who did their best to hide their infectious hilarity.

"Count, you would do well to get into the coupe," ventured the solemn master of ceremonies.

The count obeyed mechanically, hoping to rejoin his bride at her mother's house; but he found there only Mera and Lavan, who knew nothing of what had happened and were greatly astonished. After having greeted the guests, they departed for Prinkipo, leaving their brother-in-law in a rage that it would not be easy to describe, for he had just learned by a note from his mother-in-law that Lola had sailed for Athens and Marseilles on a vessel which had weighed anchor that evening at six o'clock.

The next morning at dawn the count fled by some boat from the mocking faces that he knew would greet him on every street in Pera.

One evening, toward the end of July, a young fellow—the Vicomte de Deuvres—entered one of the most popular salons among the many fine villas along the bank of the river at Boyouk-Dere, a country place to which the Perotes escape in the heated term.

"I bear great news," he said, after the usual salutations. "Countess Lola Spartero has come back."

"With her husband or with her mother?" the ladies asked, with the liveliest curiosity.

"With both," the viscount replied. "But her husband has put up at the Hotel de l'Univers, and the bride is with her mother at Mme. Auverdy's house."

"Well!" exclaimed his fair interlocutors.

"Well—nothing more is known," replied the diplomatic viscount.

"Has the dowager-duchess given her consent?"

"We shall know later. Meanwhile, if you wish to see her—behold, her calque is just reaching the quay."

The ladies, forgetting all decorum, hurried to the peristyle, with which all semi-oriental houses are ornamented, and saw Lola, pretty and elegant as ever and possessed now of a certain assurance of the married woman, disembark from her calque, accompanied by her mother, the latter superb and imperious as ever.

"The mauve and ecru of the countess's gown make a charming combination," the ladies declared.

"She still has the same fine eyes and the same enigmatic smile," added the young diplomats, more appreciative of the lady's beauty than of its envelope, made of the rarest laces though it was.

Mme. Auverdy advanced with majestic tread, fixing with her eye those whom she met and forcing them to salute her. She knew her world, and she was aware that many families had loudly declared their firm intention of not recognizing Lola, who was no longer Mlle. Auverdy and had not yet been formally presented as Countess Spartero. Lola, trusting in her mother's energy, walked beside her; she knew she was beautiful, and that superiority is a great consolation for the woman whom the world declines to receive.

In the evening, all the young fellows in the town went to dine at the Hotel de l'Univers, but the two ladies were not to be seen. They dined in their own apartment, and the hopes of the curious were shattered.

The last boat from Constantinople brought Count Spartero, who hastened ashore, jostled his way through the crowd, and, reaching the hotel, burst unannounced into the presence of his wife and mother-in-law.

"Madame," he said, addressing himself to Lola, "if you do not come with me instantly, I shall leave here to-morrow and you will never see me again."

"Have you your mother's consent?" Mme. Auverdy demanded with an imposing air.

"Never mind; I want my wife!" cried the

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young count, now pale with suppressed anger.

"You shall not have her," Mme. Auverdy replied, "until you have your mother's consent."

"My mother refuses it, and always will. You surely cannot pretend that you are going to keep me from my wife all my life on that account."

"Ah, well, in that case we shall have to get a divorce," replied Mme. Auverdy. "To-morrow—"

"Very cleverly played!" cried the enraged count. "The law of your country permits a woman, although divorced, to use her husband's title; your daughter will be free without having been married, and she will bear my title."

"If, perchance, a man is tricked once in a while," Mme. Auverdy responded, "it is only a fair revenge for our sex. I confess that my daughter has seen how I have suffered through her father and we have acted on a pre-arranged plan. I have got her married, but I have spared her the sufferings which that state entails, for society requires that a young woman should be married in order to have a recognized position. Complain, if you must, of the conventions of society, but not of us. And now, sir, I have the honor to wish you good-day," and the superb mother-in-law took her daughter by the hand and led her from the room.

The count heard the key turned twice in the lock, and even the noise of a removable bolt that Mme. Auverdy had always carried in her baggage since the marriage and which she had adroitly fastened to the door.

Spartero frothed at the mouth. He hurried the furniture about, and the servants of the hotel came running to him. At sight of their startled faces, he controlled his anger. He reflected that he could not decently force his way into his mother-in-law's room to take his wife away by main strength, and he recalled certain glances from Lola that gave him something to think about.

"Perhaps she loves me, but dares not confess it!" he thought, as he left the room.

A few days later Mme. Auverdy was installed in her daughter, Mera's, house in Prinkipo. Lola accompanied her, of course. She was a trifle sad and very thoughtful. To hide this melancholy from her mother, she conversed with her sister in a corner of the drawing-room in Lavan's marble palace. Mera, happy and smiling, recounted to Lola the little events of her life as a happy bride. Her mother-in-law patted and made much of her, and her slightest whim was law.

"You should have married a man like my husband," she concluded seriously. "Really, I pity you. What good does your empty title do you, I'd like to know?"

"None—absolutely none," sighed Lola. "It does not even give me the right to be received among those whom I knew as an unmarried girl, and I am called 'countess' only by hotel-keepers, servants and tradesmen."

"Poor Lola!" sighed Mera, kissing her sister tenderly.

"There is something I want to ask of you," whispered Lola after a moment. "Put me in a room apart from mamma. There is no danger that my husband will steal me away from here, and, at least, I can cry without being disturbed."

"Have no fear, dear," Mera replied, "I shall arrange it."

Mme. Lavan proved a very accommodating mother-in-law. Seeing that her son was frankly and unmistakably happy and that her daughter-in-law was a good-hearted girl, with a gentle and submissive character, she gave her son the pleasure of seeing perfect accord reign between his mother and his wife. And so, out of regard for her daughter-in-law, she received Mme. Auverdy and Lola most hospitably, though it required an effort on her part not to express her opinion that the marriage of Lola and the count was a piece of pure folly.

At about eleven o'clock all retired to their chambers, and though separating from Lola was none too pleasing to Mme. Auverdy, she dared make no objection, thinking that it was Mme. Lavan who had arranged matters thus; and, moreover, she could not, without risk of being thought silly, express fear that Lola might be stolen from her by her husband, from the Prinkipo house, which, like almost all the residences on the island, was surrounded on three sides by high walls and was bathed on the fourth side by the Sea of Marmora.

She assured herself that her chamber communicated with Lola's by a door, and then went tranquilly to sleep. Before she closed her eyes she listened for a few moments with satisfaction to the cries of the Turkish watchmen, who at intervals through the night utter cries that are not unlike the barking of a dog. But she forgot that, however wide awake they may be, there are no Turkish watchmen who



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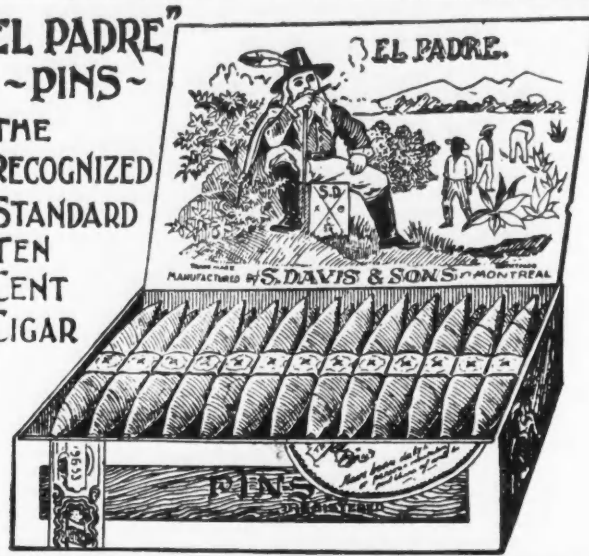
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are incorruptible.

Lola went sadly to bed and sobbed softly to herself. She knew Count Spartero's defects; nevertheless, by a strange but not unnatural instinct, she loved him for his passionate and persevering pursuit. She adored him and she was afraid of him.

Pondering thus sadly she was beginning to fall asleep, when she heard a faint scratching at the French window of the balcony that gave upon the sea. Thinking that it might be a forgotten dog, she peered through the window and beheld her husband clinging to the rail of the balcony, the deep waters of the Sea of Marmora lapping gently beneath him.

Quickly opening the window, she drew the count into the room. Then she stood before him, ashamed and undecided, looking in her long, white robe, like a statue of modesty.

"Darling, you love me, then?" murmured the young man, and, trembling with emotion, he took her in his arms.

"Oh, go away!—save yourself, I implore you!" Lola cried in terror. "Mamma will hear you! I love you, but go!"

"Never, without you!" the count declared.

"Never! Everything is in readiness—I have bribed the watchmen, and, besides, everyone knows I am your husband—the law is on my side, and I had no trouble to persuade them. I had to come in a boat to this side of the house to warn you, to implore you. Come, my darling, come—I love you—and I am your husband!"

The count covered Lola's hands and arms with kisses till the girl was almost intoxicated with the power of his mad supplications. He took her in his arms, and, almost carrying her, drew her to the steps, through the great gate, and—to the sea.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Lydia Paschkoff.

### The Test Misapplied.

The mighty Sheikh Abdullah spake one day to the Court sage, old Enekezi, as follows: "You are always ready to give sensible advice, Enekezi; perhaps you could tell me which of my councillors are really sincere?"

"A very simple matter," replied the sage confidently. "I will tell you at once, mighty sheik, how that is to be managed. Go and compose a long ballad this very day."

"Stop," interrupted the sheik, "you forget that I am no poet!"

"That's just it, mighty sheik! Go and write at once a long ballad, and read it to your assembled councillors."

"But, Enekezi, bear in mind that I never wrote a line of poetry in my life."

"So much the better. When you have read the long ballad to your courtiers, you will judge of the effect for yourself. To-morrow I will come again, and learn the result of your observations."

Next day the wise Enekezi entered the sheik's tent, saying:

"Did you follow my advice, mighty sheik?"

"Certainly."

"And what happened after you had read your ballad?" enquired the old man, smiling.

"Oh! I was completely taken by surprise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet Ibu-Yemin; another, that I was a new bright luminary in the firmament of poetry; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in

memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard—in a word, they all were in ecstasies and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies."

"And what about old Heriadin?" eagerly questioned the sage.

"Ah! he dropped to sleep whilst I was reading."

"Ha! ha! What did you conclude from that, mighty sheik?" said the old man triumphantly.

"What conclusion could I come to?" replied the sheik with some surprise, "if not the same as all the rest, namely, that I possess very great talent for poetry!"

Enekezi salaamed, lighted his chibouk, and—held his peace. For he was in sooth a wise man.—*Fliegende Blätter*.



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## Music.

THE great annual choir excursion of the western counties of Ontario, which was held at Sarnia on Thursday of last week, was a successful and splendid meeting of representative choirs of the western peninsula of this province. More than twelve hundred voices took part in the concerted numbers rendered on this occasion. The effect of the combined chorus, especially in Costa's Triumphant March, from Nauman, accompanied as it was by the fine band of the Waterloo Musical Society, was most inspiring and, considering the lack of previous concerted practice, excellent in its performance. The playing of the Waterloo Musical Society's band was most creditable to that organization, which is justly termed the finest amateur band in the country. Among the musicians who took a prominent part in the proceedings might be instanced: Mr. Roselle Pococke, director of the London Symphony Orchestra and Choral Society, organist and choirmaster Wellington street Methodist church, London; Mr. W. J. Freeland of Stratford, teacher of music in the public schools of that city; Mr. Theodore Zoellner of Berlin, Mr. C. Ayers of St. Thomas and Mr. C. A. Winter of Waterloo. Mr. Winter also acted as general secretary of the excursion and to his untiring efforts much of the success of the undertaking is due. The conductor of the Waterloo Musical Society's Band, Mr. N. Zeller, deserves special mention for the splendid work of his organization in the following numbers: Overture to Zampa, Herold; Valse Hydopaten, Gungl; Selection, Les Huguenots, Meyerbeer.

Of particular interest was the choir competition, which constituted a part of the programme during the evening concert. In the mixed chorus competition four choirs of about sixty voices each entered, namely: Berlin, under Mr. Zoellner; London, under Mr. Pococke; Brussels and Stratford, under Mr. Freeland and St. Thomas under Mr. Ayers. The male chorus competitions brought forth three contesting organizations of from eighteen to twenty-four voices strong each, namely: Brussels and Stratford, under Mr. Freeland; St. Thomas, under Mr. Ayers, and Berlin, under Mr. Zoellner. The judges appointed for the occasion were Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, conductor of the Toronto Male Chorus Club, and Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, B.A., of Hamilton, formerly conductor of the disbanded Philharmonic Society of the Ambitious City. As the competition was undoubtedly the most important event of its character yet held in this province, a detailed statement of the judges' markings cannot fail to prove interesting to the profession throughout the country. The result was as follows:

MIXED CHORUS COMPETITION		Tempo.	Style and Execution	Attack	Quality of Tone	Balance of Parts	Intonation	Total
Maximum, 100		15	25	15	15	15	15	100
1st, London		15	22	15	13	12	15	88
2nd, Brussels and Stratford		13	22	12	12	12	14	85
3rd, Berlin		14	19	13	12	12	14	84
4th, St. Thomas		11	20	12	11	12	12	79

MALE CHORUS COMPETITION		Tempo.	Style and Execution	Attack	Quality of Tone	Balance of Parts	Intonation	Total
Maximum, 100		15	25	15	15	15	15	100
1st, Berlin		12	22	13	12	12	13	84
2nd, St. Thomas		11	19	13	12	11	12	78
3rd, Brussels and Stratford		13	14	10	10	11	7	65

As will be seen from the above, the competition was sufficiently keen to prove as exciting as might have been desired by the most ardent enthusiast. I have since been informed by the judges that the general quality of the chorus work was surprisingly good and of a character such as the majority of our city choirmasters might well strive to imitate. This was particularly the case in the matter of style and expression, which in some instances gave evidences of musicianship of a high order on the part of the conductors. The names of the judges, it might be mentioned, were unknown to any of the participants until after the contest. The choice of judges was entrusted to the writer of this column, with strict injunctions that with the exception of the Mayor of Sarnia their names should be kept a secret, it being a part of the Mayor's duties for the day to receive their letters of introduction and direct them to their temporary quarters in the concert hall until after the competition, when the results were publicly read by Mr. Aldous, who enlarged upon the points in which the different choruses had excelled or failed. The greatest satisfaction was expressed on all sides with the decisions of the judges.

It is rumored that Anton Rubinstein, the eminent pianist and composer, has been engaged by Messrs. Abbey and Grau for an American tour during the coming season. As is well known, the grand old pianist abominates sea travel, and for this reason principally has withstood many exceedingly tempting offers during the past few years to undertake a concert tour of the United States and Canada. Those who have heard him play recently say that he has lost little of his old-time fire and brilliancy and is still the unapproachable Titan of the keyboard. His last professional tour of Europe was made in 1887, since which time he has never appeared in public excepting for sweet charity's sake. During the tour mentioned he gave a series of seven historical recitals, covering all the principal schools of pianoforte music from the sixteenth century to the present period. It was my good fortune to hear this entire series at the Leipzig Gewandhaus. The intense enthusiasm created by the famous pianist during these recitals and the profound impression left upon his audience through his wonderful interpretations of nearly two hundred compositions included in the series, all played from memory, will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to attend at these events which he had announced to be his formal farewell to the musical public of the Continent as a professional pianist. Unlike Patti he has honorably carried out his avowed intention, and the farewell fake has not been indulged in, notwithstanding

ing many temptations from musical people in all parts of the Continent who would rather see the great artist reverse his decision and thus subject himself to charges of professional insincerity than be deprived of his matchless performances.

Anton Dvorak, the eminent Bohemian composer, who has recently associated himself with the musical interests of our own continent, contributes an interesting article on Schubert in the current number of the *Century Magazine*. As might have been expected, Schubert is properly accorded an exalted position among the greatest song writers in the entire history of musical art. Dvorak places Schubert's symphonies next to Beethoven's, and considers them superior to Schumann's and far above Mendelssohn's, much of whose music has proved ephemeral. In the sphere of orchestration he remarks that "Schubert was one of the first who, like Wagner, made use of brass, not for noise, but played softly to produce rich and warm tints." Dvorak further expresses the opinion that to his mind the three composers who have been most successful in producing the inmost spirit of religious music are: Palestrina, in whom Roman Catholic music attained its climax; Bach, who embodied the Protestant spirit, and Wagner, who has struck the true ecclesiastical chord in the Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhauser, and especially in the first and third acts of Parsifal.

A rumor having been circulated to the effect that Mr. S. T. Church, treasurer of the recent Massey Hall Festival, had received remuneration for his services, Mr. Church emphatically denies having received anything for his assistance on this occasion or for any other musical enterprises with which he has been connected since residing in Toronto. It might be added that, with the exception of the secretaries of the recent festival, both of whom were professionally engaged, the members of the various committees who worked so arduously and unselfishly for several months in an endeavor to ensure the financial success of the undertaking, and who did all that was possible to avert a musical failure, gave further evidences of their personal disinterestedness in the scheme so far as material benefit to themselves might be concerned, by purchasing tickets for the use of themselves and families, and paying for them at the advertised prices. From the experiences of our principal supporters of musical effort in Toronto during the past few years it would seem that all who expect any return or gratitude for their sacrifices must exercise patience until they have passed the golden shore, where alone unselfish motives are properly understood and disinterested effort adequately rewarded.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. were on Saturday last favored with an order for a cornet from Chenton, China. The instrument was sent by parcel-post, and its exportation marks an epoch in the history of this progressive firm and indicates the possibility of an extension of trade even in the Antipodes in the line of small instruments, a branch of business in which Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. already occupy an enviable position among similar establishments on this continent. The brass instruments of their manufacture are used and endorsed by some of the foremost artists in the United States and Canada, and are a practical testimony of the skill, enterprise and industry which have characterized the efforts of this young firm since they established themselves in this city some years ago.

An excellent and very effective march for military bands, by Mr. J. Lewis Browne of this city, has been published by the well known American firm of W. J. Dyer & Bro., St. Paul, Minn. This march, the Third United States Infantry Review March, is scored for full military band and can be recommended to the use of all bands possessing a full complement of reed instruments.

A concert was given at Center Island last night under the auspices of the Elsmere Bicycle Club. The programme was under the direction of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who was assisted by a number of well known local artists. A detailed report of the performance will appear in next week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Many of my readers will remember Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, a remarkably talented young Australian pianist who entered the Leipzig Conservatory in 1886, taking a four years' course at that institution under Zwitscher and Reinecke. His subsequent career has fully justified the most sanguine predictions of his friends and admirers at that time. Since his departure from Leipzig he has concertized in Australia and other countries and recently returned to Germany, where he is now studying with Bernhard Stavenhagen, the successor of Liszt at Weimar, who considers Hutcheson his most brilliant pupil. Hutcheson, who is but twenty-three years of age, is destined to become a shining light in the musical firmament and his future will be watched with interest.

Returning to Stavenhagen, it is more than probable that this phenomenal pianist will make a tour of America during the coming season. He is the only one of the really great living pianists who has never visited this continent and for this reason his advent here will be of unusual interest, particularly since it is said that his five months' concert tour may include a visit to the principal cities of Canada. His special course of summer instruction at Weimar is attracting aspiring pianists from all parts of the world, and the inhabitants of that interesting old city of the Grand Dukes are already prophesying a return of the glory which surrounded Liszt's labors there. The classes are conducted on exactly the same plan as that formerly adopted by Liszt. Pupils are expected to have mastered all the details of technique before coming to Stavenhagen, his duties being confined to the finer details of interpretation with occasional suggestions concerning technique, more especially in its bearing upon quality of tone. At present his three most brilliant pupils in order of merit are: Ernest Hutcheson, von Buttkay and Miss Stillwell, an American girl.

The American Ladies' Vocal Quartette is one of the latest New York organizations which takes the field during the coming season in a tour of the United States and Canada. The quartette is under the management of the New York Musical Exchange and consists of Miss M. Winstanley Pridham, first soprano; Miss Winnifred Sullivan, second soprano; Miss Helen A. Tappen, first alto, and Miss Adele Crosette, second alto, who were selected from over one thousand voices applying for positions in the quartette. Miss Pridham, the first soprano, was until recently a pupil of Mr. Bradley at the Conservatory of Music.

A new Robert Schumann monument will shortly be unveiled in the Tauchnitz strasse, Leipzig, which city will thus possess two monuments of the eminent Saxon composer.

Miss Emma Juch will emerge from her private life as Mrs. Weisman at the Worcester, Mass., festival on September 27 and 28. She will sing as leading prima donna at both the concerts.

The remarkable success of Felix Mottl at the recent orchestral concerts conducted by him in London has, it is said, resulted in the engagement of the entire opera company of the cultured little city of Karlsruhe, Germany, for a series of representations in the great British metropolis next summer.

A rumor is current to the effect that a new Conservatory of Music is to be established at Parkdale.

The Festival Chorus of Toronto, under the direction of Mr. Torrington, announced its intention of producing Handel's Israel in Egypt during the coming season.

MODERATO.  
In reporting the proceedings of the recent Baptist Young People's convention *The Globe* made the following remark about the Jarvis street Baptist church choir, of which Mr. A. S. Vogt is leader. It may be explained that the "Meeting of Gold" refers to the gathering last Saturday night of the delegates from the Northern and Eastern States, east of the Mississippi and north of Mason and Dixon's line: "The splendid chorus singing by the excellent choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church at the 'Meeting of Gold' evoked the greatest enthusiasm and brought forth encomiums from many of the speakers. The opinion was freely expressed by a large number of musically inclined delegates present that the choir of this church is not surpassed on the continent for general finish of its work. Equally strong expressions of approval were heard after the Sunday morning service yesterday."

"Here's a story about a coin that a man marked with his initials coming back to him after an absence of twenty-three years. Queer, wasn't it?"  
"Oh, I don't know. I passed a coin in a bazaar in Constantinople thirty years ago, and—"  
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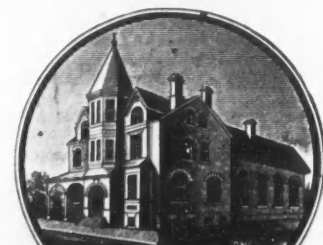
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Woolverton, Mr  
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A very large nu  
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## Social and Personal.

Mr. E. F. H. Cross of Osgoode Hall has returned to Ottawa.

Mr. A. F. R. Martin, M.A., is spending his vacation in town, following his favorite pastime, cricket.

Mr. W. Martin Griffin of Ottawa was on a holiday trip at Big Bay Point.

Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Jr., of Simcoe street is at DeGrassi Point.

Dr. and Mrs. Temple of Simcoe street are summering at their beautiful cottage at DeGrassi Point on Lake Simcoe.

Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter, barrister, of Osgoode Hall, has returned from New York, where he was successful in placing on the market his new society novel.

Rev. Arthur Manning, curate of St. Luke's, is rusticating at Oakville.

Rev. Arthur Baldwin, M.A., rector of All Saints', is spending July in the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. John T. C. Thompson of Ottawa has left for Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Dame Rumor says that Mr. Charles Spanner is about to become a candidate for the Presidency of the Toronto Young Conservative Association. Mr. George Kappela and Mr. Edmund Bristol are also spoken of.

A number of the boys of Upper Canada College wrote on the matriculation examination just closed.

Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Emma Lee, and Mr. R. J. Christie composed part of a very jolly party that went to Port Sandfield, Muskoka, on Wednesday last for a few weeks.

Messrs. H. G. Shaver and M. A. MacFarlane of Stratford are at Point Farm, Goderich.

The Misses Maggie and Maudie Congalton of Guelph, who have been visiting friends in Toronto, have returned home.

The following guests have registered at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka, during the past week: Mr. W. P. Matthews, Mr. Bert Kennedy, Mr. A. P. Warren, Mr. Heber Phillips, Mr. George Broughall, Mr. S. P. Long, Mr. H. J. Armstrong, Mr. A. C. Barnett, Mr. J. E. Emerson, Miss Croft, Miss Minnie Croft, Miss K. M. Stevenson, the Misses Thomson, Mr. and Miss Halby, the Misses Stinson, the Misses Kavanagh, Mrs. C. Maddison and family, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick and family, Mr. Warwick, Mr. W. H. Carrick and family, of Toronto; Mr. S. Kemp and Mrs. Kemp, Dr. G. S. Glasco, Mrs. J. A. Kennedy, Miss Whately, Dr. A. and Mrs. Woolverton, Mrs. Coland, Mr. A. M. Glasco, Mr. D. J. Greenlee, Mr. E. R. Maccomb, Mr. J. A. Turner, of Hamilton; Mrs. H. Craig and family, Miss Normington, Mrs. Archibald Clarke, Miss Mudge, of Rochester; Mr. James Richey and Mrs. Richey, Miss A. G. Richey of Alleghany, Pa., Mr. R. G. Bull, Mr. and Miss Watt of Guelph, and Mr. H. Avery of Detroit.

Mr. J. Kerr Osborne and his second son, Mr. H. C. Osborne, were passengers on the White Star steamship Teutonic from New York for Liverpool on July 25. Mr. Osborne joins Mrs. Osborne in Scotland, and will spend a month or six weeks in the Highlands and in Switzerland before returning at the end of September.

Mr. Norman B. Dick, the popular rear commander of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Walter Dick, left last week for Pueblo, Colorado, whence he will proceed by easy stages to Southern California. He carries with him the sympathy and best wishes of hosts of friends for his speedy recovery and safe return.

Miss Blodan of Queen's Park is entertaining a number of Toronto friends at her summer home in St. Catharines.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron returned last week from a three months' sojourn in Europe.

Mrs. Sinclair Brodie of Rosedale is visiting Miss Allan of the Hill, Cobourg.

Mr. James C. Shields is spending a couple of weeks at Grimsby and Grimsby Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Blackburn left for New York on Friday, July 20.

Dr. and Mrs. Cotton and children will leave the city for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Williamson of Fenning street are holidaying at Lake Simcoe's coming popular resort on the north shore.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cook, of Ardaraich, Parkdale, have left for a few weeks' visit with Mrs. Frank Macdonald, who is summering at Wawan Island, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Mr. Robert Barragoss has returned from his vacation, having spent a very enjoyable time in Cleveland and Buffalo.

Miss May Balfrey of Church street is spending a very pleasant month's outing around Georgian Bay with Mr. and Mrs. Carson of Owen Sound, who are camping out on one of the many beautiful and picturesque islands which abound in that section of the country.

Letters have been received from Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Greene, telling of a pleasant voyage and a very delightful trip. I hear that the notable artistic taste of Mrs. Greene's clever mother is being exercised in beautifying the abode that is to be of the young couple, and people anticipate a peep at a charming home when the time comes for Mrs. Greene's post-nuptial receptions.

Mrs. James Hodgins is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton of Jarvis street.

A very large number of people take the Niagara and Hamilton boats every day for the sail and fresh air. The Chippewa is often really crowded in spite of her great accommodation. The various yachts are laden with guests, who gladly avail themselves of the

kindly hospitality of their sailor hosts and sail or steam about on our beautiful lake. One scarcely realizes what a blessing Lake Ontario is to us until one hears the notes of admiration sounded by our Southern visitors, who go into ecstasies over the noble sheet of water. On Saturday last the patience of some of our leading yachtsmen was sorely tried by a lack of the necessary breezes. The Vreda and the Oriole were becalmed, en route for Niagara, and the sailor cavaliers arrived just in time to be too late for the hop. The Vreda, I hear, did not, in fact, get in until a very maternal hour. The tennis tournament which was announced to take place at Niagara on Saturday was postponed owing, I believe, to the state of the courts after the storm of Friday night.

The following guests are summering at Milford Bay: Mrs. J. T. Mills, Miss E. Mills, Mr. W. Mills, Master F. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Farren, Miss E. Shepherd, Mrs. Cheesbrough, Mr. A. D. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Harrison, Mrs. O. Martin of Toronto, Mr. J. W. Weber of Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Rainton and Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Conkes of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bewes of Milton, Mrs. S. Skillites of Tavanne.

The following are guests at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park: Mr. J. A. McLeod of Montreal, Mr. H. L. Virtue, Rev. G. Young, Mr. H. S. Laughlin, Rev. J. N. James, Miss Bessie Bonnell, Mr. J. N. Stanebury of Toronto, Mr. G. Priest of Boston, Mr. J. Lewis Browne, Mr. T. Woodbridge, Mr. J. H. Jacob, Dr. Munder, Miss Under, Miss McCallum, Mr. C. Walker of Toronto, Mr. R. H. P. Frazer of Hamilton, Mr. E. Renshaw, Mr. J. O. Jones of London, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Walker, Mrs. L. B. Jones of Toronto, Mr. R. Forsyth, Dr. A. Brunwell of Burlington, Mr. W. Paterson of Chicago, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. R. Hunter, Mr. R. G. Hunter, Miss Rolls, Miss E. M. Rolls of Toronto, Miss A. Brereton of Montreal, and Miss Maydon of New York.

Ald. Shaw and City Treasurer Coady left for Europe on financial business on Thursday.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr and the Misses Janes are visiting at DeGrassi Point, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald. Mr. Kerr is at present in England.

Mrs. DaMoulin and family are at Cacouna for the summer. The Canon intends following them shortly.

Many congratulatory thoughts were sent across the sea on Thursday to Miss Madeline Falconbridge and Mr. A. W. Anglin by their friends, who had marked the 26th as a day to be remembered, and who are now looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Anglin on their return.

The death of Major Draper at his rooms, 100 St. Patrick street, on Wednesday, was an event which removed a well known citizen of Toronto. The late Major belonged to one of the oldest families and was for years a prominent figure in Toronto affairs. The funeral services were performed at St. Paul's church by the rector, Rev. Canon Sweeney, at three o'clock on Thursday. Some exquisite floral offerings, including a pillow of white flowers from the police force, in memory of their former chief, and a Masonic emblem from Ionic Lodge, were placed on the casket.

Mr. Arthur P. Taylor, having recovered from his late illness, is now at Port Cockburn, Muskoka, with his mother, and will return to Toronto to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Wesbroom of Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of Toronto, are in the city.

Mr. Harold Jarvis was in town this week en route to his summer cottage at Mackinac Island.

The Island is very gay this month. Shoals of smart people are there, and the Association has had successful semi-weekly dances each week. On Saturday evening a very jolly one was held at which townspeople and Islanders swelled the merry throng. The officers of the Association for this year are as follows: Mr. Frank Rolph, president; Mr. Harold Munz, first vice-president; Mr. H. V. Knight, second vice-president; Mr. Harry Wade, Treasurer; Mr. C. E. A. Goodman, captain. Among the guests at last Saturday's hop were: Mrs. G. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mr. A. Small, Mr. O. Smith, Miss Morrison, Mrs. C. Morrison, Miss Burns, Mr. H. Rolph, Mr. Frazer, Mr. H. V. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. E. Macrae, Mr. King, Mr. B. Price, Mr. A. Rolph, Mr. R. Cooper, Mrs. and Miss Preston, Miss Novue, Miss Chadwick, Miss L. Chadwick, Mr. H. and Miss E. McNaught, Mrs. C. Brown, Miss Boulbee, Miss Pemberton, Miss McCord, Mr. and Reginald Lockhart, Mr. and Miss Cowan, Mr. Tripp, Mr. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. McCowan, Mr. J. Merrick, Mr. and Miss Dyer, Mr. Winder Strath, Mr. Munz, Mr. H. Nelles, Miss Bessie Stinson, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. E. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Luedin, Mr. Warren, Messrs. H. and E. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Birchall.

A riding party went to DeGrassi Point yesterday on invitation of Mrs. Macdonald, and are making a delightful visit to that kind and popular hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Janes left for their summer residence near Woodstock on Friday, and will entertain parties of guests during the holidays. Those who have enjoyed the hospitalities of Benvenuto know how successful are the master and mistress of that lovely home in the gracious art of entertaining.

The following Toronto people are staying at the Hotel del Monte, Preston: Messrs. R. Clougher, William Pillar, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Barclay, Messrs. J. Lockhart, W. T. Boyd, John C. Gerry, A. M. Colquhoun, A. H. W. Colquhoun, John Meberg, A. S. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Christie and Mr. A. Belton. From elsewhere are: Mr. and Mrs. James Spence and child, Miss Minnie Hodgins, Mr. Nelson Hodgins and Mr. John Muir, Brantford; Mr. and Mrs. Miss Sproge, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Thorpe and son, and Mr. Harry A. Maddock, Guelph; Messrs. S. F. Lawson and W. A. Gunn, London; Mr. and Miss Trotter and Miss Todd, Galt; Mr. R.

Lynes, Berlin; Mr. F. J. McWilliams, St. Catharines; Mr. A. Kern, Waterloo; Messrs. Frank Goodwin and J. D. Miller, New York; Messrs. M. F. Goodwin and John Murray, Stratford; Mr. F. J. Kelleher, Hamilton; Mrs. Osburn and Miss Hill, Newcastle, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lindsay and Miss Lindsay, Chautau, Kansas, and Messrs. H. and J. K. Ohlenan, Beatrice, Neb.

W. S. Taylor of the Burlington route, St. Louis, arrived in Toronto Sunday evening and in company with Mrs. Taylor, who has been visiting her mother, left Wednesday on the Spartan for a trip east. They will visit Old Orchard Beach, Boston, St. John's and other places of interest.

## Injured Innocence.

First little bootblack—Please, sir, gimme the job. I've got a sick little brother who is a cripple and is blind.

Second little bootblack—Let me shine 'em up. I'm that sick little brother he is talking about who is blind. I don't want to be under no obligations to such a liar as he is, and I can see better than he can, and he ain't got no other brother in the first place.—Sunday Mercury.

There are a few cottages on Strawberry Island and a few rooms at the hotel still vacant. Excellent rates and the most pleasant possible opportunities for families to summer in the garden of Canada are still available. Communicate with John Kennedy, manager of Strawberry Island and the Grand Central Hotel, Orillia.

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PRESTON

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Are a positive cure for Rheumatic and Nervous affections. Open the year round. The most beautiful place on earth to spend your summer vacation. For particulars apply—

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TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1894

Tickets—Adults \$1.25, Children 65c. To be had of any of the officers of the Society. J. E. PELL, Secretary.

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Midsummer Sale  
Of Carpets  
Lace Curtains  
and Draperies

The notable features of this sale—of interest to our patrons—are the variety of really handsome patterns and the very choice qualities which we are now offering at prices fully thirty per cent. less, in many styles, than the prices at which these things were sold a month or two ago. We are clearing them out for the reception of our importations for the fall trade.

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Toronto's Great Carpet House  
14-16 KING ST. EAST

Every  
Careful  
Housekeeper

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2. It quotes the lowest cash price for all varieties of high grade groceries.

3. It gives considerable information about the manufacture of goods and how they should be prepared.

4. It serves as a ready reference for prices and varieties of goods even when ordering from other dealers.

5. The third page demonstrates that parties living at a distance can order as conveniently as though living right in the neighborhood.

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TORONTO

THE beautiful month of June has come again, and with its approach comes the assurance that summer is at hand with all of its inspiring grandeur and vegetable beauty. June is indeed a month to be appreciated because of its general beauty and inspiration. Then, too, it usually brings the necessity for change of raiment, as the warm weather is rapidly approaching, so that humanity is willing to lay aside the outer garments and dress in those appropriate to warm weather. Having just received a fine line of light summer tweeds and flannels suitable for the approaching weather, would ask my patrons and the public generally to call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere. The workmanship and ability to give an opinion in dress can be had from the Fashionable Tailoring Establishment of

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Get a good supply of Summer Books before leaving for your holidays.

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These baths are the finest in Canada, being equal to any on this continent. Recommended for Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Impaired Circulation, Liver and Kidney Complaints, and being a positive cure for La Grippe. These baths are highly recommended by the medical profession. Full particulars furnished at the above address.

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Watson's Mexican  
Sweet Chocolate

is absolutely pure, nothing whatever being added but sugar and flavor. For icing cakes or making a cup of Good Chocolate it has no equal. Put up in 5 cent tablets. Try it.

New Boots and Shoes  
For the Midsummer Trade

AT

## W. L. WALLACE'S

110 Yonge Street

New Razor Ties in Tan  
New Razor Ties in Patent  
New Razor Ties in Dongola  
New Razor Ties in Cordovan  
White Canvas in Kick and Globe Ties  
All the above Boots and Shoes are new and selling at low prices. See the window when down in the city. Note the address, 110 YONGE STREET.

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Elegant colored Canvas Oxford for ladies' wear are the newest and most fashionable goods for the hot weather. We have them in American make, beautifully finished, at \$1.50 per pair. See them in our windows.

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## White Canvas Shoes

AT HALF PRICE

In order to reduce our large and varied stock we have decided to sell for the next thirty days all our Ladies' White Canvas Shoes at Half Price.

A GENUINE SALE

Nothing cooler, lighter or more comfortable for summer wear.

H. & C. BLANCHARD  
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Grimsby  
Park

Sunday, July 29th.—Sermons at 11 and 7 o'clock by Rev. Mr. Fots, General Secretary of Education.

Monday, July 30th.—Concert Day, Emerald Quartet.

Tuesday, July 31st.—Lecture by Rev. J. C. Speer, Toronto, "Crawlers, Crustaceans and Climbings."

Wednesday, August 1st.—Lecture by Rev. C. A. Gifford, M.A., Ph.D., "The Mammoth Cave."

Thursday, August 2nd.—Lecture by Rev. Joseph Kirk, "The Home of the Future."

Friday, August 3rd.—Recreation and Decoration Day. Lacrosse, Running, Walking, Swimming, Rowing, Hockey, Music, etc. Prizes distributed in the evening.

Steamer Greyhound or Ruydies will make daily trips from Toronto to the Park commencing Wednesday, August 1st and continue until the end of the season. Special daily trips from Toronto to Park, commencing Wednesday, August 1st, and continue until the end of the season.

Special trips every Saturday at 2 and 9 p.m., returning to Toronto Monday morning at 9 a.m. Tickets by G. T. Railway on any train from Saturday to Monday, \$1.50.

Good hotel accommodation, apply to J. D. Strawn, Lessee Grimsby Park.

NOAH PERLPS, President. W. C. WILKINSON, Secretary.

BEAUMARIS HOTEL  
TODERN ISLAND  
MUSKOKA LAKE

EDWARD PROWSE, Proprietor

Strawberry  
Island  
... Lake Simcoe

## HOTEL AND COTTAGES

This popular Summer Resort has a few first-class cottages and rooms still unoccupied.

Having the benefit of last year's experience the manager is prepared to offer greater attractions than ever to guests and tourists, and can guarantee the comfort of all who may come to the island. The fishing in the vicinity is excellent, and the bathing is unsurpassed and quite safe for children. The camping grounds are the finest and most convenient to be found about Lake Simcoe. Camping parties can be supplied with outfit complete; fishing tackle and small boats to be procured right on the spot.

Families desiring furnished cottages for the season can be accommodated. One feature of the resort is the fine fruit and vegetable raised in our gardens on the island and supplied to the hotel.

Our own line of steamers run daily from Orillia, connecting with trains from Toronto and other points.

For terms and all information apply to  
PETER MCINTYRE, General Agent,  
Roxton House Block, Toronto.  
JOHN KENNEDY,  
Grand Central Hotel, Orillia.

Or to—

## PENINSULAR PARK HOTEL

Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe

This beautiful summer resort (one mile from Barrie) will be opened on

MONDAY, JUNE 18

Beautiful playgrounds for children, Lawn Tennis Courts, Boating, Bathing and Fishing. The house has all the latest modern improvements, including electric lighting, and will be under the most careful management. Table unsurpassed. Rates reasonable.

For terms apply—

M. MC DONNELL,  
40 Colborne Street.

## The Penetanguishene

PENETANGUSHENE, ONT.

Canada's Great Summer Resort

OPEN JUNE 11

Under New Management.

Fishing, Boating and Bathing unequalled. Fine lawns for Tennis, Croquet, Bowling &c. Excellent Cuisine. Pure Spring Water. House re-fitted with electric lights, &c. Music during meals and in evening.

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

Rose Point  
Summer Hotel

This hotel is newly erected, with all modern improvements, situated on the

## South Channel of the Georgian Bay

1 1/2 Miles from the Town of Parry Sound

In the best fishing and hunting grounds in the Dominion. Scenery and grounds delightful. Steamboats daily between Midland and Penetanguishene. Boats and guides in connection. Unsurpassed for Fishing. Terms \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day. Reasonable weekly rates. Telegraph and telephone communication.

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Post office address: Parry Sound, Ont.

## PROSPECT HOUSE

Port Sandfield, Muskoka

Situated at the Junction of Lakes Rosseau and Joseph

Well known as the best family hotel on the Muskoka lakes. Write for terms.

ENOCH COX, Proprietor

## Clevelands House

LAKE ROSSEAU, MUSKOKA

This hotel is beautifully situated on the west side of Lake Rosseau, and is one of the prettiest places of resort on the lake. The bathing beach is absolutely safe even for children, and the cuisine delicious. Steamboat daily. Terms moderate. Cricket and Lawn Tennis grounds.

MRS. C. J. MINETT, Proprietress.

## BALA FALLS HOTEL

LAKE MUSKOKA

If you contemplate visiting Muskoka this season write me for terms.

Splendid location near the celebrated Bala Falls. Good fishing and bathing.

THOMAS CURRIE, Proprietor

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE  
HOTEL CHAUTAUQUA

\$1.50 to \$2.50 per day. \$5 to \$12 per week.

Special rates to families. Saturday afternoon to Monday morning \$1. Beautifully situated on the lake. First-class in every respect.

MRS. DUCKWORTH, Manager.

HOTEL LOUISE LORNE  
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REDUCED RATES

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MONREITH HOUSE  
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For summer guests, ladies and gentlemen, or families. Under new management. Address—

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The best artists freely admit that the Heintzman & Co. Grand Piano meet every requirement in Power, Fulness, Grandeur and Beauty of Tone.

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OUR Pelee Island Wines are the best in the market. No wines shipped less than two years old. Ask your Wine Merchant, Club or Hotel for our St. Augustine and Catawba Wines, and see that you get them.

**J. S. HAMILTON & CO.** Brantford, Ont.  
Sole General and Export Agents.

#### Social and Personal.

The gentlemen of Hastings gave a very enjoyable water party recently. Over one hundred ladies and gentlemen from Campbellford, Stirling, Warkworth, Norwood and other places assembled in response to invitations at an early hour at Hastings, where they were joined by a party of fifty of that town. Departure was made by boat and attached scow at 9.30 a.m., from Idyl Wild on Rice Lake, the well known summer resort, eighteen miles above Hastings. The trip up the river and lake was delightful and was much appreciated by all who had the good fortune to be present. The weather was all that could be desired, the day being bright, cool and breezy. The young folks enjoyed themselves by dancing on the scow and in the pavilion of Idyl Wild. On arrival at the latter place an excellent luncheon was served on the scow under the supervision of Mr. Shellman of the Clarendon Hotel. Needless to say, the cuisine was such as has made his hotel noted among the tourist and traveling public. It would be making undeserved distinctions to mention any individual efforts of the people of Hastings, for all the patronesses and stewards were unparing in contributing to the success of the occasion. After enjoying the lake breezes during the afternoon, the party returned to Hastings at 9.30 p.m. Before leaving the boat a vote of congratulation and three hearty cheers were given by the visitors to the ladies and gentlemen who had entertained them so well. Hastings has peculiar facilities compared with surrounding towns and villages in the matter of excursions by water, and these advantages were brought out prominently by the Trent river party. The patronesses were: Mrs. R. Coughlin, Mrs. W. J. Fowlds, Mrs. T. E. Howard, Mrs. R. E. Birdsall, Mrs. H. M. Fowlds. The stewards were: Messrs. J. J. English, J. D. Berry, M.D., F. W. Fowlds, A. R. Reid, P. M. Howard, R. E. Birdsall, F. Burnett, R. Coughlin, M.D., and Capt. H. W. Fowlds. Mr. A. H. Fowlds, the genial and obliging honorary secretary, deserves praise for the perfect management of such an onerous undertaking.

The Hotel Penetanguishene has a very large and smart party of guests in occupancy this month, among whom are: Mrs. A. F. Elliot, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss Plum, Mr. Thomas P. Galt and sister, Hon. A. S. Hardy and family, Mr. W. D. Matthews and family, Mrs. W. J. Mitchell and daughter, Mr. A. A. MacDonald and family, Mrs. Arthur Jukes Johnson and family, Mr. G. W. Johnson and wife, Dr. W. H. Howitt, wife and daughter, Mrs. Osmond Cayley and Miss Julia Robinson, Rev. C. B. Kendrick and party, Mr. J. W. Hirst and sons, Mr. William Lount, Q.C., and Mrs. Lount, Mr. Robert Parker, wife and son, Mrs. and Miss Woodbridge, Mrs. J. C. Fisher, Mr. J. G. Cook and wife, Mr. Hiram Piper, wife and son, Mr. A. Grant and daughter, Mrs. Alfred Beardmore and family, Mrs. W. C. Phillips and family, all of Toronto, Mrs. Meredith and daughters, of London, Mr. J. F. Shearman and wife, of Denver, Col., W. W. Bryant and sister, of Buffalo, Rev. James C. Hodgins of Philadelphia, Mr. C. F. Buck and party of New Orleans, and Mr. R. M. Dennistoun and party of Peterborough.

The visitors at Port Sandfield, Muskoka, gave a most successful concert on Friday, July 20, for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society of Toronto. The programme was an excellent one and was greatly enjoyed by those present. Mrs. Juliette D'Erviux Smith sang two solos in a most artistic manner, responding to encores in each case. Miss Beate Clarke of Hamilton also received a well deserved recall for her vocal number. Miss Louie Clarke showed great dramatic ability in her recitation of Idyls of the Period and clever mimicry in her recall selection. The Roseau String Quartette gave a good account of itself. Mr. Campbell played the Flying Yankee upon the banjo in a manner that brought forth great applause and the usual encore. The accompaniments were played most artistically by Mr. Maccomb and Mrs. Glasco. The affair was under the direction of Mr. Owen Smiley, who also contributed some original selections to the programme. Senator Chaff of New Orleans occupied the chair, presiding over the

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in the very choicest cloths. Also a complete assortment of

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These are all the rage just now, and are a most useful garment for boating or driving and all purposes of a wrap.

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affair in a most satisfactory manner. A goodly sum was netted for the benefit of the children. Under the superintendence of Mr. Ed. Rutherford the German was danced in the ball-room on Tuesday evening, the following guests and visitors taking part: Mesdames Smith, Chaff, Eaton and Carruthers; Misses Bull, Smith, Hearn, Cocran, Thomson, Maude Stewart, Glasco, K. Thomson, L. Clarke, Pinckard, Bessie Clark, Briggs, Phillips, Mabel Clarke, F. Phillips, Benton and Ray, and Messrs. Avery, Rutherford, Chaff, Maccomb, Bull, H. Bull, Eaton, Brook, Shenanaghan of Connemare, Armstrong, B. Campbell, Glasco, Kennedy, Warren, A. Glasco, Greentree, Brown, Mathews, L. M. Gray, Long and Shields. Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Clarke presented the favors.

Cedar Island, Mr. C. S. Warren's summer residence on Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, will have its full quota of guests this summer, including Frank Warren and family, H. P. H. Warren, and Messrs. S. Gundy, J. T. Swift, A. Kennedy and Leslie Davidson. A quartette of the above will sail Mr. Warren's fin keel yacht Syngamma in the races held under the auspices of the Muskoka Association.

#### Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Miss M. McKeane of Hamilton is visiting at Chautauque.

Miss Hilda Herchmer, who arrived recently from Germany, is the guest of Mrs. Robert Ball of Holmehurst.

Miss Edna Hyde, who has been stopping for some weeks with Miss Daisy Lansing, returned to Warsaw on Monday.

Mrs. Killaly returned to Morrisburg last Saturday accompanied by her son, Hartley Killaly, who is recovering from a recent attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. R. H. Bowes of Toronto spent last Saturday and Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Anderson, who has been visiting friends in Toronto, has returned.

Miss Hamilton, one of Mrs. Myer's jolly party from Louisville, returned to her home last week.

Mrs. Newcombe of Chicago is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. W. Sver.

Miss Hyde was one of the belles of last Saturday's hop at the Queen's. She looked wonderfully pretty in white Liberty silk with a soft sash of the same.

Mr. Harry Lansing has been stopping for a few days at Woodlawn. He returned to Warren this week.

Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold left on Friday last for Owen Sound, where they will spend a

few weeks with their daughter, Mrs. James Ardill.

Miss Emily Anderson, who has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Annie Anderson, for the past few weeks, returned to Fort Erie on Wednesday.

Judge Morson was the guest of Mr. C. Hunter last Sunday.

Miss Merrick is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Garrett.

Mrs. Aveling of Montreal spent a day or two at the rectory last week.

Mrs. J. and the Misses Chittenden, who have been visiting at Riverside, returned to Buffalo on Saturday.

GALATEA.

#### A Delightful Summer Resort.

Strawberry Island is situated at the upper portion of Lake Simcoe, about sixty acres in extent, all smooth and undisturbed by stump or rock. It is one of the finest romping-grounds for children in Canada. One can reach it on the little passenger steamer from Orillia in half an hour and it is not more than twenty minutes' row from the mainland, yet it is the ideal place for a summer's rest, so favorably situated that every wind catches the windows of the hotel and rocks the hammocks between the trees in front of the cottages. There is fishing and bathing, rambling in the woods and along the shore. It is only a few

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FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF

SPECIAL ODORS  
Special White Rose  
Genuine Bouquet  
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Double Parma Violet  
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Italian Clove  
Lilac Blossom  
Sweet Pea

**John Taylor & Company**  
PERFUMERS & DISTILLERS  
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ONE of the surest proofs of the relative popular estimation of various makes of pianos is the price commanded by them when sold second hand and in the auction room.

Judged by this standard the Mason & Risch Piano occupies an enviable position.

Only a few days ago an instrument of ours, which had been 13 years in use, was sold at auction at a figure very little less than its original price.

The moral is obvious. When buying a piano mingle prudence with taste and buy a Mason & Risch.

**The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Ltd.**  
32 King Street West, Toronto

minutes away from the railroad, and yet it seems to be years, almost centuries, away from any noise. The elm, the birch, the basswood, cluster all over the island in the prettiest groups one can imagine, making almost every acre a shady retreat. Half of the ground is natural forest, in the long grass of which one solitary horse and cow revel up to their ears. Occasionally picnics come from a distance to play lacrosse, tennis, and that sort of thing, on the island. On Tuesday last the Sons of Scotland had their gala day there, but all the dancing and picnicking are remote from the hotel. You can go and see what one's country neighbor calls pleasure without being disturbed in the least.

The gravel walks lead right down to the shore; the hotel is not ten yards from the spray of the surf. The rooms and the cottages are ample in their size and the comforts provided. A wind-mill pumps water into a high reservoir and thus the comforts of a city home are provided. The dining-room is large and the cuisine is looked after by Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, who have been long and favorably known as caterers at summer resorts. Mr. John Kennedy, the proprietor, has never been known to spare anything in making his guests comfortable, and the boating and fishing are undoubtedly the best on Lake Simcoe. There are still a few cottages to let and a half a dozen rooms in the hotel are unoccupied. Those desirous of a place to spend their August at reasonable cost cannot do better than address Mr. John Kennedy, proprietor Grand Central Hotel, Orillia, as he has the management of the island as well as the steamboat service and will personally attend to any family or party that desires to summer at this favorite resort.



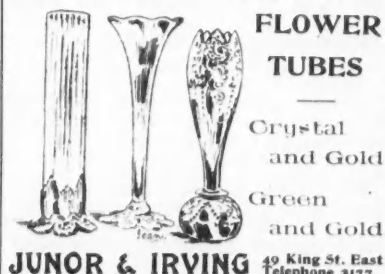
Just telephone 788 for a box of our choice candles and you will be sure to order your supply from the Spa in future. Our candles are manufactured by the taker of first prize at the Chicago Columbian Exposition for fine work in this line.

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Be sure you see our stock before buying. The fact is, we are showing not only the most artistic line of Furniture but the best assorted stock in the city. Get our prices. We shall be pleased to show you through our large warehouses at any time.

**J. & J. L. O'Malley**  
160 Queen St. West

## CHINA HALL



**JUNOR & IRVING** 49 King St. East Telephone 2177

### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
ARMSTRONG—July 19, Mrs. A. Armstrong—a daughter.  
MURPHY—July 18, Mrs. W. E. Murphy—a son.  
BURNS—July 22, Mrs. Douglas Burns—a daughter.  
THOMPSON—July 23, Mrs. Andrew Thompson—a son.  
O'DOYLE—July 21, Mrs. A. J. O'Doyle—a daughter.  
MCBRIDE—July 21, Mrs. L. V. McBride—a daughter.  
COLLINS—July 24, Mrs. Wilkie Collins—a son.  
HARRIS—July 5, Mrs. A. H. Harris—a daughter.  
HEALY—Barric, Mrs. F. J. Healy—a son.  
GORDON—July 17, Mrs. N. Gordon—a daughter.

**Marriages.**  
JACKSON—WARIN—July 21, Donald A. Jackson to Marion (Minnie) Warin.  
BENTLEY—DAWKINS—July 26, Frank D. Bentley to Edith Dawkins.  
HALTON—DUMORET—July 26, Arthur Halton to Ella Dumoret.

LEE—BROWN—July 23, James W. Lee to Edith Brown.  
WHITE—BARNES—July 23, Rev. J. H. White to Miss Barnes.  
MCGRATH—DEVINE—July 13, Thomas W. McGrath to K. Devine.  
AGNEW—STUCKE—July 17, John Agnew to Edith Stucke.  
ABERNETHY—FERGUSON—July 18, James A. Abernethy to Anna M. Ferguson.  
WESTGATE—LEWIS—July 16, Charles W. Westgate to Harriet Elizabeth Lewis.  
YORK—LEARY—July 18, George E. York to Annie Leary.  
HIGGINBOTHAM—ROBERTSON—July 18, Alfred Higginbotham to Gertrude Robertson.

#### Deaths.

WEMYSS—July 18, Sir David Wemyss, aged 67.  
BURNS—July 21, Henrietta M. Burns, aged 78.  
BARTLETT—July 21, Beatrice Jean Bartlett, aged 3.  
ELLIOTT—July 24, Charlotte Anne Elliott, aged 82.  
DRAPER—July 25, Francis Collier Draper, aged 57.  
FRENCH—July 25, Eugene McLean French—an infant.

**DR. G. L. BALL** Tel. 9138  
DENTIST  
Following dissolution of partnership, remains in Dr. Higgins' late office, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

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TOURS WHEREVER DESIRED  
Throughout America, British Isles and European Continent, by any route required. Personally conducted or independent tours as passengers may elect.  
COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE, Agency Different Transatlantic Lines from Canada and United States to British Isles and European Continent and Mediterranean direct Trans-Pacific Lines, Mediterranean Lines and Southern Lines, together with every system of transportation in any part of the globe. 75 Yonge St., Toronto.

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**AMERICAN LINE**  
For Southampton, shortest and most convenient route to London. No transfer by tender. No tidal delays. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris by special fast twin screw Channel steamers.  
Chester, Aug. 1, 11 a.m. Paris, Aug. 10, 11 a.m.  
Papezand, Aug. 11, 11 a.m. Berlin, Aug. 22, 11 a.m.

**RED STAR LINE**  
FOR ANTWERP  
Wooland, Wednesday, August 1, 4 38 a.m.  
Friesland, Wednesday, Aug. 8, 11 30 a.m.  
Intern'l Nav. Co. & Berwick Green, New York  
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SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON & CONTINENT  
New York to Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.

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**MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.**  
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Early reservation is absolutely necessary in order to secure accommodation.

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will leave Toronto Union at 10.45 a.m. every Wednesday and Saturday for Owen Sound, connecting with the Upper Lake steamers Athabasca and Alberta, for Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and all points West. A parlor car is attached to this train, and seats may be reserved at 1 King Street East.

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COR. YONGE STREET.

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Spring Clearing Sale of  
**PIANOS**  
At Reduced Prices

Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer offer at much reduced prices for this month a large number of superior Upright and Cabinet Grand Pianos of their own MANUFACTURE, recently returned from hire during the winter months, many of which are as good as new. Also a number of splendid second-hand Pianos by Steinway, Chickering, Haines, Gables, etc. ALL AT GREAT REDUCTIONS FROM REGULAR PRICES.  
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